

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 6, 1975

75 CENTS

FOUR IN A ROW?

Oakland's Reggie Jackson



Honda Civic presents five very impressive mileage figures.

Reading from bottom to top:

1. 42 miles per gallon*. The highest mileage of any car sold in America: the Honda Civic CVCC 5-speed. Complete with radial tires, fully-reclining seats, AM radio, tachometer and rear window defroster as standard equipment.

2. The Honda Civic CVCC Wagon. All the things you buy a wagon for—roominess and the convenience of a huge, easy-lifting hatch on the back. Plus the highest mileage of any wagon in the country: 39 mpg*.

3. The Honda Civic CVCC Sedan. Like all CVCC models, it has the Honda CVCC Advanced Stratified Charge engine. And good mileage too: 38 mpg with the 4-speed*.

4. The Honda Civic Sedan. The lowest price tag in America†. And 41 mpg* with our more conventional 1237cc engine and 4-speed transmission. That 41 mpg is second only to one other car in America—our CVCC 5-speed.

5. The Honda Civic CVCC Hatchback: 38 mpg* with the 4-speed. Seats four adults and carries a lot more cargo than you think.

They were also impressive in EPA lab tests for city driving: All got 28 mpg, except the Wagon—26 mpg. Plus they can run on regular, low-lead or no-lead gas; and don't need a catalytic converter.

The 1975 Honda Civics. The figures speak for themselves.

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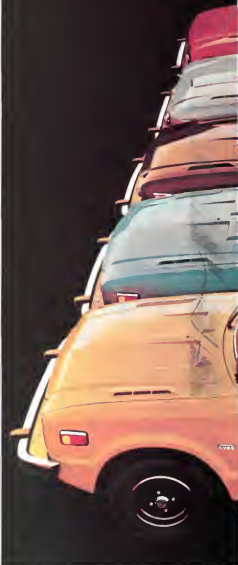
*Official 1975 EPA lab tests for highway driving. All

models 4-speed transmission except #1.

†Based on a comparison of 1975 manufacturers' suggested retail prices. 1975 Honda Civic 1237cc not available in CA.

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Next Week

THE DEADLIEST games in baseball are the playoff openers. You sweep, split or die. Ron Fimble is at Fenway for the A's-Red Sox. Ray Kennedy at Riverfront for the Reds-Bucs.

THE LIVELIEST feet in college football belong to the field-goal kickers who are booting them in record numbers—and at record distances. John Underwood records their feats.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and by Telesing, S.A. N. Rydman Co., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office: Postmaster: On: 57 N.Y. 10010. J. B. Shepley, President; C. J. Davis, Treasurer; C. B. Smith, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subject: sports. Price in the U.S. \$14.00 a year.



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- **Chief Justice John Marshall**, who defined judicial distinction as "the ability to look a lawyer straight in the eyes for two hours and not hear a damned word he says."
- **Belva Lockwood**, first woman on a presidential ballot, who called for "domestic insurrection" to win the vote for women.
- **Rough Rider Teddy Roosevelt**, whose only fear while charging up San Juan Hill was that he might lose his glasses (so he carried 12 extra pairs).

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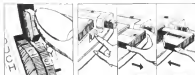


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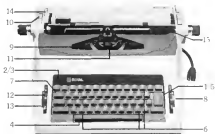
At 160 words per minute, Royal's Medallion and Centurion are two of the world's fastest typewriters.



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDEY

REGGIE JACKSON TELLS A SECRET ABOUT BOWIE AND A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE

One of the more memorable moments of the 1974 World Series occurred after all the action on the field had concluded. The Oakland A's were gathered in a moment of high solemnity: the presentation of their third straight championship trophy by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Suddenly, before the assembled reporters, TV cameramen and assorted hangers-on, Reggie Jackson uncorked a bottle of champagne, slopped its contents all over the astonished commissioner—and kissed him on the cheek for good measure.

It was a delicious scene, executive pomposity receiving its just deserts. But it was not, apparently, spontaneous. We are now told, by Jackson himself, that he had arranged the gag with none other than his persistent adversary, Charles O. Finley, owner of the A's and baseball's most notorious, vociferous Kuhnophobe. This is one of many anecdotes in *Reggie: A Season with a Superstar* (Playboy Press, \$9.50), by Jackson with Bill Libby. The book is more or less a diary of the '74 season, taped by Jackson and shaped into book form by Libby, a veteran at such matters. It's a sports book of the new style, laced with four-letter words and coy references to Jackson's amorous conquests and rather transparently determined efforts to be controversial, but it's fun all the same.

For two reasons. One is Jackson himself, who is by now recognized as one of the most attractive, intelligent and outspoken people in sport. The other is the A's, a volatile combination of personalities made all the more so by the maddening yet somehow entertaining presence of Charlie Finley, the Mahatma of Megalomania.

Nineteen seventy-four was a good season for A's-watching. It began with the general confusion caused by bitter salary arbitrations and the replacement of Dick Williams as manager by Alvin Dark. It continued with a running series of locker-room fights, it ended with still another blow to the skeptics, a thumping conquest of the Dodgers.

Jackson is a sharp observer, and a lot of his inside poop will be grit for the Hot Stove League. At times his self-congratulations get wearisome, but they are balanced by his generous assessments of teammates and opponents, even by a few kind words for Finley and Dark. I was a Jackson fan before I read the book, and I remain one; in the world of sports books, that's something of a compliment. **END**



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Shopwalk

by MARTHA SHELTON

WHICH WITCH? A LOOK AT THE MAGIC MARKET FOR TEAMS THAT NEED MIRACLES

The Baltimore Orioles had reason last weekend to file a malpractice suit against witch doctor John Agunga of Kenya, who was hired to put the whammy on the Boston Red Sox. But for awhile it seemed there was something to the mumbo jumbo. No sooner had the spell been cast than the Orioles began to win (7 of 10) and the Sox began to lose. First, it was to the Brewers. Next Boston lost Jim Rice, its fine rookie, when his left hand was broken by a pitch. Inexplicably, Luis Tiant's back began stiffening. Bill Lee had elbow twinges and Rick Wise had trouble throwing curves.

Then the rains came, diluting the hex, and by Sunday Baltimore was washed up. What had gone wrong? Was the makeshift witch doctor hired by the Sox (for the \$2.25 price of admission to the ball park) a more potent force than Agunga (who cost \$168, two cases of beer and a batch of Oriole T-shirts)? It seemed unlikely. The Bostonian had appeared draped in a Persian rug with an aluminum foil spear. His dervish dancing on the roof of the Oriole dugout was amateurish. In contrast, Agunga is Africa's leading witch doctor, a man as highly respected as the best barrister or surgeon in Nairobi. He is not, as most would suspect, a hyperkinetic figure in a hideous wooden mask swinging monkey skulls and brandishing a fly whisk. Instead, he is a dapper 42-year-old with a Clark Gable mustache whose one exotic touch is a dead woadtail pinned to his blue beret. (When the Orioles were eliminated last Saturday, they belatedly questioned the symbolic significance of this dead bird so conspicuously worn.) Agunga attires himself in an embroidered waistcoat instead of leopard skins, and in Levi's, not an ostrich-feather skirt.

Sorcery represents only 25% of Agunga's trade. He also specializes in curing barrenness. In women, eye diseases and whooping cough; he brews love potions, professes to be able to alter the sex of unborn children and casts spells to change the ways of nagging wives or errant lovers.

Agunga's consulting room in the Nairobi suburb of Kileleshwa (he makes house calls on request) is close by the sports stadium that has been the scene of many of his soccer triumphs. The room is packed with the mysterious paraphernalia of his craft—a garbled stick made from twin roots, gazelle horns filled with the black and brown powders of crushed and burned seeds, baboon bones, snakeskins, chicken and eagle feathers and an 1895 Kenya penny which he inherited

from his grandfather (Agunga comes from a long line of witch doctors). One of his most powerful objects of magic was the mummified hand of a mountain gorilla, which he dispatched to the Orioles "to insure accuracy in catching the ball."

In Africa witchcraft fees are included in a soccer team's budget and may total as much as \$6,000 annually. A team may employ as many as 10 seerers in the course of a season. A witch doctor with a fine reputation like Agunga or his chief rival, Sharaf Abubakar Omar, who operates close by in Kisumu, may command as much as \$300 for touching a player's legs or making a gesture toward an opponent's goal. Some witch doctors are reputed to be able to make a ball disappear in play or turn into a snake. Badly beaten goalkeepers have complained of seeing cobras attacking them in the course of a match. The more powerful the charm, the more expensive the potion. A brew made from graminated hooves of wild animals, cat's fur and human fingernails is sometimes prescribed and team members will down this much as U.S. athletes drink Gatorade.

Soccer clubs prefer older, more experienced witch doctors who take pride in their work and are anxious to maintain a good reputation; younger men tend to be get-rich-quick charlatans who charge high fees for botched jobs. Payment is made on prescription, and is not refundable if a team loses.

Agunga had to resort to unusual methods to cast his spell on the Sox. All he had to work with was a ball signed by the Boston players, a glossy team photograph and one of Carl Yastrzemski's caps. Agunga sprinkled the ball and photo with herbal ashes as he chanted softly in Swahili. The cap was likewise consecrated with banks of monkey hair and pulverized bird beak. Then Agunga wrapped all three in papyrus, tied it with hemp twine and attached the gorilla's paw. For good measure, he played his magical piano, a crude instrument made of thorn tree wood and metal prongs.

He dispatched abracadabras, potlutes, and nostrums to the Orioles and warned them to respect certain taboos. All players were to abstain from meat seven hours before each game, cut down their intake of sweets, add one new motion to their warm-up procedure—such as coming onto the field from a different direction—and refrain from sex 12 hours before each game. The Orioles insist that they followed these prescriptions and prohibitions to the letter. As one put it, "We spent the night before games dutifully reading *The Joy of Sex*."

So what went wrong? Agunga says an Oriole must have broken the taboo.

Though the Orioles flunked, wizardry still may triumph. It is rumored that the Montreal Expos want to hire a full-time witch doctor next season.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

TIRED UP AGAIN

Last week it was suggested here that long-awaited progress in the National Football League's interminable labor dispute might come about if a degree of mutual respect were to be shown by players and owners. For awhile such respect seemed suddenly evident: in what sounded like a big step forward the owners assured the players that a reasonable contract would be submitted for their approval, and the players in turn agreed to go back to work—which is to say, play the opening games of the season—while they waited for the new offer to be made.

That's about as far as the respect went. The owners did submit a contract, declaring that the provisions in it were "total and complete," whatever that means. Sargent Karch, the owners' man, said, "We've given them our best shot. I don't see how the players can turn it down."

That Karch was being cynical, or at least unrealistic, is shown by the players' overwhelmingly negative reaction to the "best shot." Even the Buffalo Bills and the Houston Oilers, who earlier had been antistrike, and in the Bills' case anti-union, voted immediately and almost unanimously (85-1) against it.

But the players' militant anticontract vote was a bit misleading, too. Top people in the Players Association had made it clear that a vote against the contract was not a vote to strike. Some players may have wanted to strike, but most wanted to avoid such drastic action while expressing their displeasure with the new offer—and go on playing.

It's hard to blame them. A 15-day walkout in an ordinary industry might cost a worker a couple of weeks' wages; a similar strike in pro football could wipe out as many as three games, which means three-fourteenths, or more than 20%, of a player's annual salary. A long strike could take a lot of bread out of a short career. And the owners—despite Commissioner Pete Rozelle's protesta-

tions that "there will always be a need for a union" in pro football—don't need or even want a contract as long as games take place and tickets are sold. So the status quo continues—games being played, players being paid—with the sparring going on and on.

AND OUT IN RIGHT FIELD

Baseball isn't in the best of shape, either, on the labor front. (Can you remember when people talked about batting averages and last-minute field goals instead of contracts and negotiations?) Marvin Miller, who runs the Baseball Players' Association, says he is not at all optimistic about a new basic agreement being reached before the old one expires on Dec. 31. "We're getting nowhere," says Miller. "It is becoming perfectly clear that [the owners] want to create a crisis. Don't ask me why." He hints that the baseball owners have been watching the NFL owners and feel they can create splits in the baseball union similar to those that have appeared in football's.

"There's all the difference in the world between the two," Miller says. "If the baseball owners don't see it, that's too bad."

AND IN THE HOOP

You didn't think we would overlook pro basketball's labor news, did you? The situation is normal. "Negotiations have broken down," Coach Tom Heinsohn of the Boston Celtics said not long ago, "and there is no move to reopen talks. Very little has been said about a strike, but we may well have one."

What else is new?

AND BEYOND THE BLUE LINE

Labor disputes in hockey are somewhat different. They usually involve one laborer, a defenseman, say, belting another laborer, perhaps a winger, in the drops. Fighting on the ice has always been a part of hockey, but during the last few years, particularly with the spectacular success

of the brawling, aggressive Philadelphia Flyers, it has gotten out of hand. After last season, you will recall, Dave Forbes of the Boston Bruins stood trial in Minneapolis for assaulting Henry Boucha of the Minnesota North Stars and he came to within a few votes on a hung jury of being convicted.

Now NHL President Clarence Campbell has lowered the boom. Last week he levied fines totaling \$9,050 against players on four teams for brawling in exhibition games. In exhibition games, please note. And Campbell said further disciplinary action might be taken.

Why the sudden concern? Part of it certainly has to do with fear of more players being prosecuted, since hockey cannot afford to be hauled repeatedly into court on criminal charges. But there is probably another factor.

For a long while the NHL has given tacit approval to the mauling that so frequently stops action and leaves the ice littered with gloves, sticks, players and boredom. Presumably, the league, excited by the presence of television, decided that lots of fights would not be so bad—they would attract lots of TV viewers. But it did not work out that way. Indeed, NBC-TV has dropped its national coverage of the sport.

Perhaps what has happened is that hockey leaders have recognized at long last that the fierce, rough skill of their game is what appeals to the true sports fan, not unrestrained brutality.

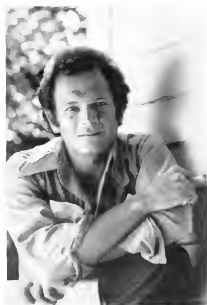
COLORFAST

Tennis balls began to change color about 20 years ago when a serious attempt was made to introduce yellow as a supplement to, if not a substitute for, white. "But we didn't have the correct brightness," says John J. Wall, an executive of Albany International Corp., the world's largest manufacturer of the felt that is used on tennis balls, "and the idea died after six months."

Albany International, which made enough felt last year to cover 100 million tennis balls, kept looking for some way to make tennis zingier—this was before brightly colored shirts and shorts were permitted on court—and about nine years ago came up with a new imported dyestuff that did the job. Now yellow tennis balls are all over the place, and a new orange ball is becoming popular, too. In time, Wall says, sales of the traditional

continued

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white ball will diminish to only about 10% of the total market.

Albany has also experimented with blue and green, and a few years back produced a batch of fuchsia balls. "They sold for about two years," Wall says, "and that was that. The colors were not fluorescent enough. The ball didn't shine well."

Some players imbued with patriotic fervor have asked if a red-white-and-blue ball could be produced to mark the Bicentennial. "We made a red-and-blue ball with white seams some time ago," Wall says. "Demand wasn't much, but if the Bicentennial arouses interest in it we could easily turn it out again."

Think of the possibilities. In Davis Cup play, for instance, the U.S. could use the red-white-and-blue ball when it served, the Russians a solid red one, the Irish (do the Irish play tennis?) a bright green.

IT'S THE BERRIES

All right, put down the steak, forget the hamburger, knock off the veal. A vigorous action group called Un-Meat Sports



of Akron has taken the bull by the horns and gone to the meat of the problem. Flesh and fowl are not the stuff athletes are made of, says Un-Meat; vegetables are. Meat-eating athletes have an average pulse rate of about 72, Un-Meat claims, vegetarians only 58. Tests at Loma Linda University in California reportedly showed that vegetarians had much greater endurance than meat eaters in running, lifting weights and so on. Vegetarians at Yale did three times as many deep knee bends as meat-eating Yale football players (Yale football play-

ers eat meat?). Un-Meat says vegetarian athletes include swimmers Johnny Weissmuller and Murray Rose, basketball players Bill Walton and Connie Hawkins, pro football Linebacker Ray May, major league Pitcher Bill Lee.

Look at the ox, says Un-Meat. Look at the elephant, the workhorse. All vegetarians and all strong as a, well, lion. Look at the great apes, eating fruit and berries and avoiding "dead flesh," as the vegetarians call it. And then look at meat eaters like lions and tigers. What they do most of the time is lie around in the sun digesting their meals.

Uh, hold it, Un-Meat. Maybe you'd better scratch that last argument. Not that we have anything against munching oats or picking berries, but lying around in the sun after a good meal doesn't sound all that bad.

VOLUNTEER AN ANSWER

Over the past 50 years, from 1925 through 1974, what college team has the best regular-season won-and-lost record? Notre Dame? Ohio State? Alabama? USC? Oklahoma? Close, all of them, but the best—believe it or not—is Tennessee. An NCAA report says the Vols (359 wins, 103 losses, 26 ties, a .762 win percentage) are just ahead of Alabama (358-105-23, .760) and Notre Dame (355-108-21, .755), Ohio State (308-110-22, .725), Oklahoma (333-125-27, .714) and USC (341-133-32, .706) trailing after.

DARK VICTORY

Florida has a new tie-breaker rule for high school football. If two teams are tied after regulation play, a coin toss gives one possession of the ball at the 50-yard line and it runs a play. The other team takes over at the new line of scrimmage, and it runs a play. Then the first team gets the ball again, and so on, until each runs four plays. At that point the one that has pushed the ball into the other's territory is awarded one point and the game. If the ball is precisely on the 50, eight more plays are run off. If one team scores (touchdowns only; field-goal attempts are not allowed), the other starts again at the 50. Coaches generally despise the new rule and take pains to point out its weaknesses (in most cases a defensive player would be a fool to intercept a forward pass, for example).

Needless to say, the tie-breaker has caused a bit of confusion, but nothing

to compare with what happened when two Miami high schools met in a close-fought game one night in the Orange Bowl. Coral Gables and Palmetto struggled to a 0-0 tie in regulation time. Enter the new "penetration" tie-breaker. Palmetto gained two yards. Coral Gables was held to no gain. Palmetto gained four more to the 44, Coral Gables' ball again. Quarterback Ed Angelo pitched out to Halfback Cyril Brown, who stopped suddenly, whirled and threw the ball back toward Angelo. And the lights went out.

Total chaos. The crowd of 5,800 lit matches and lighters and made torches out of programs. In the dim light from the stands the officials finally located Angelo—in the end zone with the football. "I scored," he said. Palmetto screamed. The officials ruled the play was dead when the lights went out. "We was robbed," Coral Gables moaned.

The lights did not come on again that night (a transformer and a cable had failed, causing fuses to pop all over the place) and resumption of the penetration—Coral Gables' ball on its own 44, five plays to go for both teams—had to be postponed until November. That should give critics of the rule almost enough time to marshal their calm, considered objections to it.

THEY SAID IT

- Howard Stevens, 5'5", 165-pound Baltimore Colt kick returner: "I'm not small, I'm short. If I were six feet, I'd weigh 220 pounds."
- Don Cherry, Boston Bruin coach, asked if he missed Bobby Orr, who underwent knee surgery: "I even miss him on the team bus."
- Gene Upshaw, Oakland Raider guard, after going against the Miami Dolphins' patched-up defense, which was minus Nick Buoniconti, Dick Anderson and Bill Stanfill: "I guess you can start calling it the No-Name Defense again."
- Alex Agase, Purdue football coach, to second-guessing fans: "If you really want to advise me, do it on Saturday afternoon between one and four o'clock. And you've got 25 seconds to do it, between plays. Not on Monday. I know the right thing to do on Monday."
- George Allen, the Washington Redskins' energetic coach, asked what ambitions he still had: "I want to coach a college team and a professional team at the same time."

END



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LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

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IN THE EYE OF THE STORM

21

Rains of near-Biblical persistence added nature's wrath last week to the autumnal anxiety Boston Red Sox fans are heir to. But there, calm center of the disturbance, stood old Luis Tiant, fogging them in at Fenway. By shutting out the Indians Friday night, he began the final dismantling of Baltimore's frail hopes. One day later New England's ten-



sion came to an end; the divisional title was Boston's.

Or was the anguish just beginning? Heading east to open the playoffs against the Red Sox are the world champion A's. And having been in this position so often, Oakland has something to tell bumptious Boston. "When we're in the playoffs," says Team Captain Sal Bando, "I find my-

self waking up in the middle of the night, worrying. I never do that during the season or the World Series. Lots of the guys can't even eat during the playoffs." Says Reggie Jackson: "The playoffs ain't the same game. The balls aren't the same balls, the bats aren't the same length, it's further between the bases." For what lies ahead, turn the page.

CONTINUED

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Boston pits its youth, esprit de Fenway and momentum against the ordnance, speed and postseasoning of the world champions

by RON FIMRITE



Dauntless Red Sox: Rick Burleson, Fred Lynn, Carl Yastrzemski, Carlton Fisk.



The Red Sox are a gallant, indomitable and exciting team, but they will be confronting the world champions sorely handicapped. Near the end of a season in which so many of the breaks came their way, they suffered a bad one—Jim Rice's left hand. Rice was batting .309, had hit 22 home runs and had driven in 102 runs. He would have been a cinch for Rookie of the Year had he not been a teammate of Fred Lynn, who will surely win it. Lynn and Rice gave the Red Sox contiguous batting power unrivaled in the league. With Dwight Evans they formed a young outfield that some vintage Bostonians dared even compare with the legendary trio of Duffy Lewis, Tris Speaker and Harry Hooper. Evans, who will not be 24 until next month, is the elder statesman, so the future, even the immediate future, fairly shone on the horizon.

Although Rice is disarmed there are still some big guns left; it is just that without your best weapons you play Oakland at your peril. Lynn is certainly a pistol, though. The former USC star enjoyed a rookie season that compares favorably

with the best in history. He hit .331, drove in 105 runs and scored 103 while playing center field with the energy and grace of a young Joe DiMaggio. Although Lynn will be subject to an unaccustomed level of pressure in the playoffs, chances are it will not affect his play, since he is notably imperturbable. He has even affronted baseball canon by dismissing "experience" as an overrated quality.

The brilliant and fragile catcher, Carlton Fisk, had a productive year at the plate when he was not licking his multiple wounds, and Carl Yastrzemski, at 36, remains a valuable asset in the clutch. Second Baseman Denny Doyle, rescued from the lowly California Angels, responded with his best year at bat and in the field, and Cecil Cooper, used primarily as a designated hitter, has hit .311 despite head and hamstring injuries. Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli, troubled for part of the season with an inner-ear malady, is still dangerous in home games with his uppercutting "Fenway swing." Evans fought off an early-season slump to establish himself as a hitter of promise,

and Rick Burleson has proved to be not only an excellent shortstop but a valuable RBI man as well. For the playoffs Manager Darrell Johnson may move Yaz from first base to left, Rice's position, and Yaz plays the "Green Monster" left-field fence at Fenway as well as anyone ever has.

The Sox have power and defensive strength in the middle with Fisk, Burleson, Doyle and Lynn. And their pitching may be better than it looks in the stats. The wily Tiant (18-14), the team's stopper down the stretch, will probably start the first game of the playoffs, followed by Rick Wise (19-12) and Reggie Cleveland (13-9). None of the Sox starters has an impressive earned run average, but Fenway is hardly a pitcher's paradise. As Yaz says, "Their ERAs would be at least a run lower in any other home park. Our pitching has been better than O.K. It's been very good."

Relievers Jim Willoughby and Dick Drago are surely overmatched in comparison to their Oakland counterparts. A Sox sleeper, either as a starter or in re-

lief, may be Dick Pole, a hard-throwing righthander who came back strong after being hit in the face by a line drive in June.

Just as the National League contenders did, the Sox and A's broke even during the season, the Sox winning four of six at Fenway and losing four of six at the Oakland Coliseum. In the A's last visit to Fenway, Manager Alvin Dark started three righthanders, Stan Bahnsen, Glenn Abbott and Sonny Siebert. It was a strategy to which he attached no special significance, although the A's won two of the three games. The Red Sox surmised that Dark was experimenting with his righthanders, all second-line pitchers, in a ball park historically inhospitable to southpaws. At the time Dark said that, no, he intended to start his best available pitcher in the playoffs, be he right- or left-handed. Last week he selected lefthander Ken Holtzman (18-14), a decision obviously based on postseason performance. In playoff appearances Holtzman has won two and lost one; in the World Series he is 4-1. Vida Blue, also a lefthander, had a better season than Holtzman with 22 wins and 11 losses and pitched five innings of Sunday's unique four-man no-hitter over the Angels, but he is 1-2 and 0-3 in the playoffs and Series. Blue will get his start, although Dark may use reliever Jim Todd, a righthander, as a surprise starter in the second game, reserving Blue for the more capacious Coliseum. Rollie Fingers, the league's premier reliever, has also been mentioned as a possible starter. Todd, Fingers and the left-handed Paul Lindblad formed baseball's most effective relief corps this year, and it will be astonishing if they do not get considerable duty in the playoffs.

Like the Red Sox, the A's have power, only more. The charismatic Reggie Jackson, Gene Tenace, Billy Williams and Joe Rudi all hit at least 20 home runs, Jackson slamming his

35th and 36th Sunday to tie for the league lead. Sal Bando, who endured a miserable slump for much of the season, came on mightily in September. Bando is usually at his best in pressure games. All of the A's are.

Surely the A's are one of the great money teams in the game's history. They behave cavalierly on occasion, but when it is time to compete for the long green they are prepared and poised. "We win when we have to," says Tenace. The experience gained from four consecutive playoffs and three World Series gives them a huge advantage over the Red Sox. This year, too, the A's are healthy and rested.

The A's have yet another advantage over the Sox—speed. Centerfielder Billy North and Shortstop Campy Campaneris are among the most prolific base stealers in the American League with 29 and 25, but this year they did not steal as many as 21-year-old Claudell Washington (40). Washington also led the team in hitting (.309) and his play in left field has been improving steadily. Jackson is also a threat to steal, and in Tommy Harper, Cesar Tovar and Matt (The Scot) Alexander the A's have a veritable fleet of pinch runners.

Defensively, the A's are stronger with Joe Rudi in left field and Tenace at first base, but it is unlikely that Dark and the man who tells him what to do,

Charles O. Finley, will go with this combination in the playoffs. Tenace is merely an adequate catcher and vulnerable to base stealing. But the Sox are not a running team, and Tenace will probably remain behind the plate. Rudi, a Gold Glove outfielder, is only competent at first, but his bat is a constant threat. Williams, the designated hitter, and Harper can also play first if needed. Campaneris is still a quick and agile shortstop, and rookie Phil Garner filled in admirably for the retired Dick Green at second. Bando has minimal range at third, but he had a good year defensively. North and Jackson are frequently spectacular in the outfield. Both are also somewhat erratic, although they tend to make their biggest plays in crucial situations.

Finley himself is a factor in the A's postseason play. It is to be expected that he will set some controversy to boiling. The A's do not see much of their madcap boss until October, but then the mere sight of him in his verdurous costume seems to goad them on. As opponents ruefully concede, the A's are beautiful when they are angry.

Strange things can happen in so short a series, but no one is better equipped to deal with things strange than the feisty young men from Oakland. Expect Boston to suffer their wrath.



Dynastic A's: Ken Holtzman, Vida Blue, Captain Sal Bando, Campy Campaneris.



CONTINUED

NATIONAL LEAGUE

It looks to be upstream all the way for Pittsburgh in the Ohio River Series; but the "home disadvantage" could sink the Reds

On paper, which this indisputably is, the National League championship series would seem a mismatch. The 1975 Cincinnati Reds have won more games (108) than any NL team has in the last 66 years. They have won more games at home than any team in the league ever has (64). They clinched the Western Division title on Sept. 7, the earliest that has been achieved. They are, as they immodestly acknowledge, awesome. They hit for power and average; they are among the finest defensive teams in baseball; they have extraordinary speed on the bases; they are both young and experienced; and they have a pitching staff that compensates for individual mediocrity with communal excellence.

Their opponents, the Pittsburgh Pirates, are, excepting Second Baseman Rennie Sennett and Rightfielder Dave Parker, weak defensively; they are slow and their pitching is inconsistent. About all the Pirates do really well is hit, and thus they do as well as any team in the game. Still, man for man, position for position, the Reds would seem to have all the advantages. Even if the Pirates hit Reds pitching, as they probably will, the Reds should have little trouble hitting Pirate pitching. In a succession of 10-9

games, the Reds, with superior speed and defense, ought to have the edge.

But they should take note of some disconcerting intelligence. Although the playoffs will open in Cincinnati and the Reds have won nearly 80% of their home games this year, tradition is clearly against them, for this series has never been won by the National League team that has been the host for the first two games. And if these playoffs should extend to a full five games, the final three will be played in Pittsburgh, where the Reds lost four of six this year. In fact, they are little better than an average road team, having lost away from Riverfront Stadium nearly as often as they won.

"I would like to win the first two at home," says Reds Manager Sparky Anderson, whose world view approximates that of Dr. Pangloss. "It wouldn't be a disaster, but I'd rather not go to Pittsburgh tied 1-1. The main advantage we have at our stadium is confidence. We don't believe we can lose there."

Another disconcerting factor is the Reds' curious inability to hit left-handed pitching. They have beaten righthanders about 75% of the time, but they are barely above .500 against lefties. There is no logical explanation for this imbalance

since, with sluggers of the stature of Johnny Bench, Tony Perez and George Foster, the Reds do not exactly lack right-handed power. And Pete Rose is not in the least disadvantaged, because he swings from both sides of the plate. The Reds themselves are at a loss to explain this single nagging imperfection.

"A righthander has a tendency to try and pull everything into the seats against lefthanders," offers Joe Morgan, a left-handed hitter. "I think that's what's been happening to our guys, and the pitchers just turn the ball over and keep it on the outside corner."

"Left-handed pitchers have changed," suggests Bench. "It used to be that they were all power pitchers. Now they turn the ball over and nibble. You try to pull it and you're dead."

Unless Bench and his fellow northpaw pull hitters can cure this tendency, they may indeed face extinction at the hands of the Pirates, whose three toughest pitchers, Jerry Reuss, Jim Rooker and John Candelaria, are lefthanders. The Reds seem determined, however, to clear any obstacle in their path to the world title that has eluded them these past five years. "We've won three divisional titles and two pennants," says Anderson.

"But we haven't won anything yet. Not till we win the World Series."

Cincinnati's futile record should ensure against complacency. For several years Anderson and his men have been boasting that they were the best team in baseball. All that remains is for them to prove it. This would seem to be the time for that since their finest players—Bench, Rose, Morgan, Perez—are at the top of their game and the supporting cast is as solid as any in baseball. Although they hit for a team average of .271 with 124 home runs, the real strengths of this team, according to Anderson, are speed, defense and the bullpen. In Morgan they



Developing Reds: Safe-at-Second Joe Morgan, left-handed center Don Guilem, Dave Concepcion, George Foster.

have one of the game's ablest base runners. He stole 68 bases this season, second only to Davey Lopes' 77. Morgan does not run as often as he might with sluggers Perez, Bench and Foster hitting behind him, and he is not the only swifty. Dave Concepcion has 33 steals, and Ken Griffey, one of the fastest men in the game, beat out an astonishing 38 infield hits. Center-fielder Cesar Geronimo, Foster and Dan Driessen can also run when called upon. And even Bench, hardly a sprinter, had 11 stolen bases in 11 attempts.

"We go from first to third as well as anyone," says Anderson. "We'll first-to-third you to death. And with our speed, we're hard to double and that keeps big innings alive."

Defensively, the heart of a baseball team is supposed to be up the middle—catcher, short, second and center field—and there the Reds have four Gold Glove winners in Bench, Concepcion, Morgan and Geronimo. By moving Rose in from left field to third base, Anderson strengthened both positions. Foster has developed into an outstanding outfielder, and Rose has played third base far better than last year's incumbent, Driessen. Foster, says Rose, is "the most under-rated outfielder in the league."

Cincinnati's starting pitchers in the playoffs will most likely be Don Gullett (15-6), who probably would have won 25 games had he not missed two months with a broken thumb; Gary Nolan, who came back to win 15 games (against nine losses) after missing most of the last two seasons with an injured shoulder; and plucky little Fred Norman (12-4). None of them is expected to go nine innings, for it is Anderson's philosophy that pitching is a group project. Red starters went a record 45 consecutive games without finishing one, and the staff had only 22 complete games. But with relievers Clay Carroll, Pedro Borbon, Rawly Eastwick and Will McEnaney at the ready, a nine-inning tour by a starter seems to Anderson a wretched excess.

The Reds did have their share of injuries this year. In addition to Gullett, Concepcion missed several weeks with a broken bone in his wrist, Perez had a fractured thumb, Griffey has been troubled by a sore arm, and Bench, who had been



Defiant Pirates: Mountmen Jim Rooker, Dave Giusti, Jerry Reuss; slammers Willie Stargell, Reggie Stennett.

bothered by an aching left shoulder, recently injured his left ankle and suffered a groin pull. But the Reds feel this is their year no matter what.

The Pirates, who almost gave their division lead away in a woeful August, beg to disagree. For all of their clubhouse bickering (they are the A's of the National League), they are jolly sorts. When they dropped 12 of 14 games on one August road trip, they were able to laugh at themselves, a not entirely common trait among contending teams, and pull out of the slump. The most garrulous among them, Dock Ellis, has been significantly restrained since his tirade against Manager Danny Murtaugh earned him a brief suspension.

It is easy to make merry, of course, when you can hit the baseball the way the Pirates can. They have league-leading home run power in Dave Parker (25), Willie Stargell (22), Al Oliver (18), Richie Zisk (20) and Richie Hebner (15). This is not to mention Stennett, who cracked out 12 hits in three games, including a record-tying seven in one, and Manny Sanguillen, who hit .328 this season. The Reds and Pirates split the 12 games they played this year, but the Reds' group-insurance pitching staff hardly hampered the sluggers from Three Rivers. Of the Pirate regulars, only Frank Taveras hit below .275 against Reds' pitching. The Pirates also outthundered the Reds 16 to 8.

Pirate pitching is another matter. At one point during the season the team

may have had the best starting pitching in the league. This was followed by a marked dropoff, then a recovery. Reuss has been effective most of the year, but Rooker has been hampered by a groin injury, Ellis has a wounded psyche and Bruce Kison contrived to lose seven games in a row. Candelaria, the rookie lefthander, will probably be the third starter in the playoffs after Reuss and Rooker. He is a sidewinder who is effective against left-handed hitting. He won one and lost one against the Reds. The Pirates' bullpen is not as effective as the Reds', although in Dave Giusti and Ramon Hernandez, two 35-year-olds, they have experienced, if fading, talent.

Defensively, the Pirates do not compare with their opponents. Stennett at second and Parker in right are outstanding, but they can scarcely compensate for their less nimble teammates. Hebner at third and Stargell at first are severely hampered in range and Taveras at short is erratic. Zisk is a veritable statue in left field and Oliver is not the most mobile of centerfielders in the game. The Pirates also are vulnerable behind the plate, where Sanguillen had a bad year defensively. The Reds are the best running team in the league (169 stolen bases), and they stole seven in seven attempts against the Pirates this year. The only way to keep the Reds from stealing bases is to keep them off, and that's not easy.

The Pirates may prove tenacious, but it would be folly to pick against the Reds in this, the year of their destiny. **END**

SACKS PUT THE GAME IN THE BAG

With its defense pillaging the Giant backfield and a potent new offense, Washington skinned New York **by DAN JENKINS**

When last seen, a public enemy named Diron Talbert, who has been known to lead the Washington Redskins in prayer and then say, "All right, let's go out there and kill them folks," was still holding New York Giant Quarterback Craig Morton prisoner in a concrete edifice on the outskirts of our nation's capital. Talbert is a defensive tackle, although last Sunday he was in the Giants' backfield so often he was frequently mistaken for Wellington Mara. When Talbert wasn't there, a number of other Redskins were, and among them, they gained almost 70 yards on the ground. In pro football, a defense can do this by folding up the opposition's quarterback and rolling him along the grass, backwards. Redskins Coach George Allen has been heard to say, "We were not put on this earth to enjoy ourselves," and when last week's game was over, the poor Giants certainly understood that. Redskins 49, Giants 13. Diron Talbert, nine confirmed kills, or thereabouts.

Only two games of the NFL season have been played, and it is not as though the Redskins have gone around whipping up on the likes of Oakland and Pittsburgh. But there are many reasons for excitement in Washington, reasons which add up to 90 points in two games against the New Orleans Saints and the Giants. The Redskins' special teams are doing their handiwork with customary thoroughness. Quarterback Billy Kilmer has merely thrown six touchdown passes so far, aching Larry Brown is running gingerly but effectively and, as the Giants had the misfortune to find out, the Redskins' defense, led by that rowdy 6'5", 255-pound Texan, Talbert, is as scary as a cove of monsters.

The Giants had stung the Philadelphia Eagles 23-14 in their opener, and they went to Washington filled with hope. Indeed, in the first quarter of play they appeared to be immensely better than the team that had loitered around New Ha-

ven a year ago, ringing up a 2-12 record for new Coach Bill Arnsparger. The Giants led the Redskins 7-0 after the first 15 minutes because Morton managed to stay upright and guide them 44 yards in a 10-play drive. And that was it as far as the visitors were concerned.

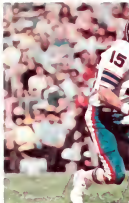
Kilmer, who no longer has Sonny Jurgensen for a roommate (or was it Eddie LeBaron or Sammy Baugh?), had already discovered that he could have sent Edward Bennett Williams into the Giants' young, confused and leaky secondary and found him as open as the sunlit sky. It was only a matter of Kilmer getting on target. He did. Toward the end of the first quarter, he hit Roy Jefferson crossing the deep middle for 32 yards to set up a four-yard Brown touchdown.

When Brown zipped almost untouched around right end on the first play of the second quarter for the score, it was the first of a hurricane of 28 points the Redskins would get in the period. All of a sudden, what had started out to be a decent football game turned into something scripted by Mel Brooks and produced by Diron Talbert.

The next time the Redskins got the football—on a Joe Dawkins fumble on the Giant 48-yard line—Kilmer fired a 31-yard strike to Jefferson for the touchdown that made it 14-7.

Allen has a tendency to get bored if no one is doing anything wonderful for him except his offense. He likes the defense and the special teams to win games, which is why he used to enjoy benching Jurgensen for throwing touchdown passes. For the rest of the second quarter, Allen had his way.

A couple of minutes after the Redskins had taken the lead, some crazy business happened down near the Giants' goal line. Morton had the football and was hoping to throw it to somebody in one of those new New York uniforms that make the Giants look as if they are playing for Buffalo. Meanwhile, Talbert had gathered up practically the entire Giant



Old pals Morton and Talbert meet again

offensive line and seemed to be hurting guards and tackles at Morton, one by one. When Talbert ran out of Giants, he chucked his teammate, Bill Brundage, at Morton. Presently, Morton was in his own end zone under a ton of burgundy and gold, and the ball was being squeezed out of his grasp like that good, hard-to-get-at part of a lobster. When the debris was cleared, Redskin end Ron McDole had the ball and six more points for Washington. Brundage received credit for the tackle and McDole for the touchdown, but Talbert deserved at least a share of both. Still, even without that play registered among his accomplishments, he personally nailed Morton five times behind the line of scrimmage.

These events had to be to Allen's liking. Moments earlier, when the Redskins had jumped in front, he had said to Talbert and his pals, "Play everything like a pass. Just tee off." Which is just what they did.

Not that Talbert forgot the amenities. He and Morton are old friends, so Talbert kept a friendly conversation going. "Sometimes I'd holler at him before we'd get to him," Talbert said. "I'd yell, 'Hey, Craig, how's New York?' Or I'd say, 'How you doin', old buddy?' Then I'd stick him."

At one point when Morton was in the familiar position of picking himself up—he was dropped seven times by Talbert, McDole, Brundage and two good young linemen, Brad Dusek and Dennis Johnson—he slammed the ball down and said: "Damn it, Talbert. Where you comin' from?"

Talbert might have answered, "Aw,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOBBS JR.

triumphant moment later in the second quarter, Larry Jones gathered a punt on his own 48-yard line and let out down the shady side of RFK Stadium. Then Jones changed direction to his left and, as he came straight across the field toward the side where Ed Williams sits in his private quarters with all those Senators and other Washington notables, various Redskins began knocking down various Giants. Five Giants were blindsided in rapid succession, smacked so hard that their white jerseys seemed to be floating in the air like confetti. Jones then cut down the unshady sideline and went all the way. Washington 28, New York 7.

The second half was largely a case of

Kilmer and his new backup man, Randy Johnson, working on their passing stats. Kilmer found Jefferson for another touchdown early in the fourth quarter and hushed the day with 14 completions in 24 attempts for 176 yards and two scores. Then Johnson, a former Giant who once had been denied the opportunity to beat out the legendary Norm Snead, came on and had a perfectly enjoyable time. He completed six of six, two of them for touchdowns to Charley Taylor and Alvin Reed. After the second one, Johnson raised his fist in the direction of the Giants' bench. If he spoke, you couldn't print it.

All in all, it was a frolicking day for what might be the best Redskin team since the one that reached the Super Bowl three seasons ago. It took Washington five games last year to score 90 points; now Kilmer and Johnson look like a combination that might put up that many in a single game. Larry Brown is not the Larry Brown of old, but he is still good. And Rookie Mike Thomas is a fine backup with splendid potential. Jones is going to be a threat anytime someone kicks to him. He is the Redskins' "most improved" player, they say, and he looks capable of becoming a Cliff Branch-type receiver.

Moreover, the Redskins' schedule does not become fierce until well into November. As Washington wit Morrie Siegel phrased it, "They ought to be 6 and 0 through their first four games."

And as Deron Talbert said, "If we can keep them opposing quarterbacks running, we got a chance to be O.K." **END**

Well, sure. If you insist, ol' buddy



... and Duren asks Craig to take a seat. ...

just anywhere I want to." Instead he waited until after the game to explain: "We were stunting every play. We do that more than anybody else. I can't go straight over anybody anymore because the refs allow the offensive lines to hold. That's O.K. They let our hold, too. Anyhow, I go outside, around the guard, or come in on the center."

Talbert had so much success getting past Giant Guard Dick Enderle that Artsparger replaced him with Karl Chandler, a second-string center from Princeton. It would only have made a difference if Artsparger could have replaced Enderle with the Lincoln Memorial.

Allen's special teams had their most



RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC MOVING AT 170 MPH

*Lured by the prospect of racing cars
snarling through downtown, 65,000
fans watched Brian Redman take the
inaugural Long Beach Grand Prix*

by ROBERT F. JONES





As others got caught up in the heat of battle, winner Redmen cooled it.

The operative slogan in Long Beach, Calif. last week was: Why Don't We Do It in the Road? A bit crass perhaps but, in typical California fashion, straight to the point. For the first time since the late 1950s a major road race was being conducted through the downtown streets of an American city. At a time when automobile racing, because of its exotic technologies and often disastrously high speeds, is becoming more and more estranged from reality, it was a refreshing return to the roots of the sport. And if the speeds involved were not breathtaking, the action sure was.

The occasion was the Long Beach Grand Prix for Formula 5000 cars—those open-wheeled American equivalents of Europe's sleek Formula 1 machines. Since the collapse of the Canadian-American Challenge Cup series for big sports cars, Formula 5000 has become the premier form of road racing in North America. Although ostensibly just a preview to a Formula 1 race next March, the inaugural Long Beach Grand

Prix drew a freeway-jamming crowd of 65,000, the biggest Formula 5000 crowd in history—and most observers came away feeling that F-5000 may itself be the most exciting form of the sport.

"There's something special about racing in real streets," says Mario Andretti, whose fame comes from oval tracks like Indianapolis but whose first love is road racing. "The 'artificial' circuits have a certain sameness to them. But every race conducted on real streets has a character of its own—Barcelona, Monaco and now Long Beach."

The course in question was a twisting, swooping lash-up smuck in the heart of downtown Long Beach. It measured 2.21 miles around its outer perimeter and though it nominally counted 12 corners, it actually had 13. Since racers are a superstitious lot, it was decided to split Turn Nine in half, labeling the exit bend Turn 9A. Essentially, the course consisted of two fast straightaways linked by sets of uphill and downhill chicanes.

The pit straight ran south along Ocean Boulevard, a main drag lined with shops, bars, restaurants and the porno movie theaters and bookstores endemic to American metropolises. At the very start of pit row on Ocean, the bill at the Roxy

retains

Two-time Indianapolis 500 champion Al Unser showed he could make right-hand corners with the best of them and won a qualifying heat.

last week featured *Around the World*. Jody Scheckter, the young lion from South Africa who moved up to F-1 after winning the F-5000 championship two years ago, had come back to the U.S. for this race. He stared at the movie marquee. "Appropriate," he said. More spicy, from an automotive standpoint, was the surface of the Ocean Straight, which was pockmarked with manhole covers and had in its center a small, almost invisible hump that could send the race cars slightly airborne at speeds of 140 mph. "It's bloody good fun running that hump at those speeds," said David Hobbs, the Englishman who was F-5000 champion in 1971. "The shops and bars and people are all a colored blur, but you bleeding well know you're in the middle of a city. It's every boy's dream to smoke his tires down the main drag, and here, we're getting paid for it."

At the end of the half-mile Ocean Straight, the cars braked severely and downshifted for a hard, 90-degree downhill righthander that slowed them to roughly 45 mph. At the bottom of the short, steep hill came another 90-degree corner, to the left this time, followed almost immediately by another righthander. During qualifying sessions on Saturday, Indy winner Gordon Johncock found this chicane the most trying of all. He never took it twice on the same line, and on one occasion hung out the rear end of his Day-Glo red Sunnast Lola almost sideways. Smoother drivers like Andretti and Scheckter handled this

stretch with a subtlety that belied their high speeds. Viewed from the balconies and penthouses of surrounding hotels and office buildings, however, one could see the violent lock, counterlock of their hands on the wheel as they virtually slid through the linked bends.

A few more swoops, and the cars entered the fastest part of the course—a mile and a bit of concrete that swept past the Long Beach Arena in a deceptively gentle right-hand bend. It might better be called the Road to Rum. In this stretch these cars, which are powered by modified passenger-car engines, reached speeds of 170 mph and the drivers' foreshortened vision became a problem. "Because of the right-hand bend, gentle though it is, you cannot see more than a third of the straight at any one time," said Scheckter. "If someone breaks and slows just beyond your line of sight, you can be into him in a flash, with little or no chance to brake or maneuver, particularly if traffic is thick." At either end of the Shoreline Straight was a 180-degree hairpin turn that could only be negotiated at speeds of 30 mph or less.

"I've never had to use bottom gear in these cars before," said England's Brian Redman, the defending F-5000 champion and point leader in this season's competition. "On this course, because of the hairpins, I'm using it twice."

Coming out of the second hairpin, the cars began a sinuous return to the Ocean Boulevard Straight that took them, finally, uphill on Pine Avenue past the Nu-

Pike, a seedy amusement park replete with tattoo parlors recalling Long Beach's history as a U.S. Navy liberty town. Appropriately, off in the distance loomed the black hull and red stacks of the *Queen Mary*, a dead ship now, her bottom filled with concrete, her upper decks with tourists. But with the cars moving at speed, their noise filling the glass-and-concrete canyons of downtown with a roar louder than war, there was no time for nostalgia, only the exigencies of racing.

"All of the courses that run through real streets are very demanding," said Andretti. "There is no room for error, no shoulders to lean on. If you go off the road, you're into somebody's shop window or front porch." To preclude that all-too-real danger, the Long Beach circuit was lined with 8,000-pound concrete blocks that could be emplaced and removed like pieces of a giant's Lego set.

"Except for the straights," Andretti continued, "the course is very tight. You've got to run it on your tippy toes, no mistakes permissible. And I reckon there are at least five different textures of pavement here, ranging from gluey asphalt to slick concrete. That keeps you on your toes as well."

"It's a mean course on brakes and suspensions," said Redman. "That's going to be the story when the race gets under way. I predict a lot of breakage."

Qualifying confirmed Redman's prediction. Many cars broke on the pounding turns and hills; many more spun out or crashed into the piles of worn-out tires—30,000 of them—that served as bumpers on the difficult spots. Under the complex rules of F-5000 racing, there were to be two 12-lap qualifying heats preceding the main 50-lap showdown on Sunday. The pole for the first heat went to Andretti, who turned the top practice lap of 89.45 mph in his Viceroy-Hilton Lola T332. In the process, he edged his teammate, Al Unser, who drove a remarkably smooth 88.739 to take the pole for the second heat. Though sixth fastest overall, Redman could not break 87 mph in his Boraxo Lola and ended up in the second row behind Unser, while Scheckter, with decided engine trouble, could push his Hogan Lola to no better than the third row.

The heat races provided not only a heady dash of drama but a dollop of insight as well, both into the nature of the new course and that of a few drivers. At

continued

Indy star Gordon Johncock and mechanic George Elgnotti found F-5000 a vexing proposition.





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the outset of the first heat Andretti lost a drag race into Turn One. Three cars, led by Tony Brise, a 23-year-old English Formula Atlantic champion, driving a Lola, blew past him. There ensued a pursuit race that recalled the Andretti of old—a flat-out fire storm of a chase that demonstrated once again his élan in cutting through traffic. Brise (as in rice) was no slouch at that game either, gobbling up one car in the hairy downhill chicane. On the last lap, with Brise just a touch ahead, Andretti pushed hard into the Pine Avenue uphill, and when Brise slowed into the upper straight he ticked the wall. Even at that, Brise held strong, passing Andretti by a wheel's length, while Andretti came away with the satisfaction of having improved his pole-winning time and racking up a 90-mph lap for the first time in Long Beach's three-day racing history. The chase also showed that for all the "tightness" of the course, good drivers still had plenty of opportunities to pass.

Al Unser walked away with the sec-

ond heat leaving Brian Redman in the dust. Redman was playing a conservative game, to be sure, and that made it all a bit boring, but it also underscored a perhaps overlooked development. This was only Unser's 12th road race. At the age of 36, racing drivers are supposed to be pretty well fixed in their habits. Thus Unser's improvement has been remarkably swift. Second only to Redman in F-5000 points this year, he came on stronger as the season wore along—a good sign.

But not good enough last Sunday. When the green flag fell for the final 50 laps, Unser was able to lead only downhill. As he hit Turn Four, Brise nipped past him on the inside, Andretti not far behind. Redman, with his Lola sporting a tougher gearbox than he had used in qualifying, lay just behind that trio in fourth place. What followed was an even more exciting replay of the Brise-Andretti duel. Andretti dogged Brise's wing like a punter throughout the first half of the race, then snapped ahead on the sweeping right-hand beachfront straight. Red-

man, meanwhile, maintained his cautious tactics, content to let the leaders fulfill his prophecy of breakage.

The first to go was Unser, who ticked the wall, quickly pitted, then withdrew. In the far hairpin, Brise was now pushing Andretti very aggressively—the leaders' lap speeds were averaging 88 mph, faster than most cars had qualified.

As the race passed the midpoint Andretti and Brise began swapping the lead like the actors in the Ocean Boulevard movie theaters did their screen wives. Andretti seemed to be quicker in the straights, while Brise was able to dive deeper into the corners. On Lap 34, however, Andretti's engine swallowed a valve, eliminating him, and Brise went out on the following lap with a broken half-shaft. That left victory to Redman the Prophet. "Tough as this course might seem," he had said earlier, "it's a piece of cake compared to the Targa Florio. No donkey carts, no shotguns, only other drivers and palm trees." But how about those theater marquees? **END**

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IT'S ALL A PART OF THE GAME

A man who has played football and coached it offers some personal reflections on an ever-present but seldom discussed aspect of the sport—injuries—and the pragmatic manner in which they are often regarded

by JOHN M. BARRY

This is about football, about a part of football that happens to every team on every level. Recently I watched Jim Plunkett go down with an injury that required surgery, and then listened as another Patriot player was asked about it. "It's part of the game," he said. "You know? You can't worry about going down. It's part of the game."

I used to coach some football. Football coaches become inured to players getting hurt, even though the coaches are as vulnerable to injuries as the players. After all, it can mean coaches' jobs and coaches' careers. When I coached, I waved aside images of players going under the knife. I had to. But now, when a player lies on the ground I go get a hot dog, or turn away from the television set for one or two or three minutes, and try not to think about the one boy I saw get really hurt. I'm not a coach anymore and I do think about it.

I went down myself as a player; pain shot up my leg and I was wincing instead of running. My recovery progressed slowly. I believed the coaches all thought I was dogging it, but, damn it, I wasn't. At first the sideways glances the coaches shot at me made me feel guilty, but later I grew so angry that I decided never to play again.

The next season found me in the

stands, but watching gnawed and gnawed at me. Not so much the not playing. It was more that I felt like a quitter, which is far worse than being just a loser. That feeling continued to haunt me after graduation until I scrapped my Ivy League degree and graduate-school fellowship and nascent doctoral dissertation to coach a high school team. Of course, I swore always to give a player the benefit of the doubt on any injury.

Like every other high school coach, when a boy went down I would run onto the field and order players to move back and ask, "Where's it hurt?" and hope someone who actually knew something about injuries would come out on the field. Quick.

During one game at a private school in the South the smallest player on the field, one of those fast, tough kids you always see in high school athletics, the kind of kid you love, went down. Out cold. I ran out there with a doctor. The boy was not badly hurt, the doctor said, and could even return to the game, so after he rested I sent him back in. We needed him in there. In the locker room after the game the boy collapsed. Unconscious, his eyes glassy, sweating profusely. I raced out to find the doctor. While waiting for the ambulance—the one at the game had left already—I slammed my

fist against the lockers and shouted, "That doctor said he could play! Where's that doctor?" I felt guilt and wanted to transfer that guilt to him; I felt hate and wanted to kill him. The boy, as it turned



TIME OUT: INJURY

Five college football players who have been sidelined, some for the entire season, discuss what it feels like: the sudden sense of vulnerability; the psychological trauma; the frustration of no longer being a part of the team

JAY MILLER, BRIGHAM YOUNG, WR Torn knee ligaments

"You freak, you freaky thing," I said to my knee when it re-injured it. I couldn't believe it. "This is Jay Miller," I thought, "the guy who caught 100 passes in a season. The guy who was invincible, who could never be hurt." It humbles me. As a sophomore I was a hero, but last year I was hurt for most of the season and now I'm nothing. When I see someone else on the field, cutting for a pass on a healthy knee, I look at my cast, and I'm just plain envious. Football is still my dream, but now I know I'm vulnerable like the next guy. One Saturday you're leaving on a plane while the cheerleaders were goodbyes, and then suddenly you're like the rest of the students

CARL HUBBARD, AUBURN, LB

Slipped disk—separated shoulder; knee
I've undergone so much medical treatment my teammates call me the \$6 Million Man. I've missed 16 games and once I even thought about quitting, but I've always come back. I attend all the meetings and prepare for a game mentally just as if I were going to play. During the game I'm on the sidelines, trying to give moral support or spot mistakes. You have to be involved. It's been tougher on me, but I've gotten more out of football because of it. I'm more invincible now than ever before. People wonder if it's worth the risk of not being able to walk again. It sure is. I've found that playing college football is the best thing in the world. No price is too great.

out, was fine and later in the season even played again.

I was successful in high school, then coached club football at a small college and then became a coaching aide at a major college. National ranking. Television. An 80,000-seat stadium. Fantasyland for someone who didn't even play three years of Ivy League football. But it wasn't the sauna in the locker room or the giant stadium that struck me as so different. It was the zippers. So many athletes had

zippers down the side of their knee, or knee; they thought nothing of it and called this or that a "Band-Aid" operation. I just kept looking at where the knife had cut and shaking my head. There were so many.

In college the coaches don't deal directly with injuries. There are trainers for that. In college the coaches receive injury reports and worry about them. "Oh, Christ," they mutter when someone lies a little too long on the ground. "Get up.

You're not hurt. Damn it, don't be hurt."

"It's not too bad," the trainer says. "Have to cut sometime, but not right now. You never know. He might make it through the whole season."

When the season ends, college teams check into the hospital for surgery those injured players who did make it through the year. The sooner the better for all concerned. The players are as anxious as the coaches; spring practice is not that far away. It was funny: one freshman had made the varsity that more than half a million adults had paid to cheer. He was under 18 so the hospital put him in the kiddies' ward and decorated his walls with floppy-eared purple elephants. He did not take kindly to his surroundings.

I don't want to identify the major college I was affiliated with. Identifying it could hurt its football program, and unfairly. It's not hard to envision rival recruiters showing copies of an article like this to a high school star and his parents and saying, "Now, ma'am, you don't want to send your boy to a school where the coaches treat folks like that, do you?" Yet the coaches there show as much concern as any about their players, and more than most.

In preseason we were running a game-type scrimmage inside our huge empty stadium, referees and all. A wide receiver runs an out. The quarterback ducks a rushing linebacker and starts to run, is chased, crosses the line of scrimmage. The receiver's eyes gleam, a pursuing defensive tackle all picked out, and he sets himself to unload a blind-side shot. Ex-

encompassed



DAVE ZUMBACH, BOSTON COLLEGE, WR
Severely bruised kneecap

I don't know what to do. I don't even feel like part of the team anymore. I'm just hobbling on crutches, on the outside looking in. I was never a very confident person, anyway, and now the confidence football had given me has drained. When you've been a player and all of a sudden you're not, it's a pretty shattering experience. It's affected my personality and my relationship with other people and, I'm afraid, my proclivities. I cut classes, feeling sorry for myself. That's bad because everybody else seems to feel sorry for me, too. But this thing preys on my mind. It's my senior year and I think I'm letting folks down. I feel funny even being in the locker room.

KIRK LEWIS, MICHIGAN, RB
Broken forearm

After years of building up my body I felt I had conditioned myself against injury. When my arm broke so easily, it amazed me. I wondered why it hadn't happened before. I still haven't recovered from that psychologically. The possibility of permanent damage also bothers me because I hope to be a surgeon someday. I never knew how much I liked football until I sat out our opening game against Wisconsin. Being on the sidelines made me sick in the pit of my stomach. I'll never forget that feeling. One thing I don't miss is the constant pressure and mental strain. It's like a great weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I don't have to perform.

DAVE FARMER, USC, FB
Broken leg

While they were carting me off the field after my injury I was beating my fists against my thigh pads yelling "Why me? Why me?" And I was crying like heck, not because it hurt but because it wiped out everything I'd been working so hard for. Pain is part of football. I seem to love it. But I was afraid I'd blown my chance to show the pros what I could do. Now that I'm on crutches, I'm the slowest man on campus. I've had trouble sleeping, but with this extra time I've added a new course. After the game Coach [John] McKay told me I had come far and would be back again. You'd better believe I will. My outlook hasn't changed, only my time frame.

"I have floated the Wild. I have followed its lure, fearless, familiar, alone; Yet the Wild must win, and a day will come When I shall be overthrown." —Robert Service



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INJURIES continued

cept it isn't blind side. The defensive tackle sees him coming and—WHAM!—the receiver goes down, stumbles to his feet, goes down again and stays. Out run the trainers. Out runs a substitute receiver. The boy went down in front of the defensive bench. The defensive coaches ignore him. Hell, he's a receiver. He's not one of theirs. The offensive coaches are huddled, engrossed in play selection. The trainers help the boy off the field.

The head coach approaches the offensive coaches, beckons one of them closer.

"Don't you ever," he says, "don't you ever let a boy lie on the ground again without a coach going over to him."

The season started and the team was doing well, winning games and staying pretty healthy. One starter did get hurt, though, and had to have his knee operated on, for the third time. We'd have been a pro prospect but for those operations. A couple of days after the surgery we were playing a night game at home. I knew no players would visit him that day—on game days the players had to stay in the athletic dorm for meetings and taping and eating and just being together. I thought the player would feel like the forgotten man, so in the afternoon, when I had nothing to do really but watch whatever game was on TV, I decided to visit him myself. Another visitor was there when I arrived. The head coach. You wouldn't catch many head coaches out visiting a player, except maybe a high school All-America, the day of a game. I always liked that man.

When I think of football injuries I like to think of accidents like that. And to forget a day I can't forget. I was coaching club football at a small college, very small-time football. But for our level the team was excellent. Even though it was November, we had not lost a game. Naturally the team we were playing was up, whooping and hollering and jumping up and down on each other's toes and in general doing all sorts of carrying-on before the game. We went through our warm-ups with a minimum of screeching, poised as always. The other team was screaming louder than ever at the open-

ing kickoff, on which our 200-pound return man took the ball out to about the 30, near our sideline. I saw the hit that brought him down. It was not a particularly hard tackle, but the other team shouted, "Good stick! Good stick!" just the same, and a couple of their players hustled over to pat the tackler as he got up. Except he didn't get up. He had gone down.

Our trainer was out there, with his coaches, talking to him.

"For Chrissakes," I was thinking. "Get up, kid."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John M. Barry played varsity football at Brown. His coaching experience includes a year as head coach at the Lenox School in Massachusetts, two years as an assistant at Providence (R.I.) College and a season as an aide at a major university in the South.

Our head coach came over to me. "Really playing the role out there, huh?" "Yeah."

Then the other team's trainer yelled for the doctor.

The doctor? Maybe the kid was hurt after all. We looked for the doctor. No doctor. The boy had been on the field for close to

five minutes now. The trainer asked a cop to call the rescue squad. Where the hell was an ambulance? No doctor, no ambulance.

The doctor arrived. He had volunteered to be there but thought it was a two o'clock game, not 1:30. Sorry.

Now rumors spread along our bench that the kid was dead. I turned around and tongue-lashed a player who said that. "Don't be a jerk. Look at him. He's talking to the doctor."

Sirens. The rescue truck digging tracks in the moist field. Ten minutes had passed since the kid went down. I finally decided to join the huddle around the boy and see if we could get things moving.

With his helmet off, he looked shrunken and fragile in his equipment, his head sticking out of the massive shoulder pads like that of a small boy from his father's much-too-large jacket. He looked frightened. The doctor leaned over him.

"Am I going to be all right? I'm going to be all right, aren't I?"

"Just relax now."

"I can't feel anything. My legs. I can't feel anything." His voice, a scared child's voice. A lost child's voice. Wanting to be found. His face was handsome, almost pretty. The trainer took the boy's cleats and socks off.

"Can you move your toes?"

continued

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Chevette. Chevrolet's new ki

- Chevette is international in design and heritage, incorporating engineering concepts proved around the world.
- Its gas mileage is rated at 40 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. That's based on EPA test results (with standard 1.4-litre engine and 4-speed manual transmission). The mileage you get, of course, will be strongly influenced by how and where you drive.
- Its wheelbase is about the same as a VW Rabbit's.
- It has more head room than a Toyota Corolla, more leg room than a Datsun B-210.
- Its turning circle is one of the shortest in the world.
- It can carry cargo up to four feet wide.
- It is well insulated against noise.
- It is protected by 17 anti-corrosion methods.
- It is basically a metric car. And, as you know, the metric system is on its way to becoming the standard of American measurement.
- It comes with a clear, simple self-service booklet.



Prices start at \$2899*.
2-Seat Scooter (not shown) \$2899*
Chevette Coupe (shown) \$3098*
The Sport (not shown) \$3175*
The Rally (not shown) \$3349*
The Woody (not shown) \$3404*



Chevrolet

nd of American car.

- It's a two-door hatchback, with seating for four in the Chevette Coupe and its Rally, Sport and Woody versions. A perky two-passenger model, the Scooter, is also available.
- It has a standard 1.4-litre engine. A 1.6-litre engine is available (except Scooter).
- It is sold and serviced by every Chevrolet dealer in America—all 6,030 of them.

They welcome your questions.
They welcome your test-drive.



(It's about time)

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Dealer price charge, available equipment, state and local taxes are additional. In California, see your Chevrolet dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/emissions/commission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.

The Chevrolet Value, Variety,

Variety

Thank you for stopping at our ad. We're glad you did, but we're not surprised. Interest in small cars is at an all-time high in America. And sitting here, on these two pages, are six of America's more interesting small cars. Feel free to browse.

Value

We've been in the car business since 1911 and for more of those years than not, America has shown a marked preference for the Chevrolet brand.

We're pleased, America.

We're downright overjoyed.

But again, we're not surprised. Because of the value we build into each and every car we make.

"What's value?" you ask.

In simple language: A whole lot of car for the money.

At Chevrolet, it's our stock in trade.

Nobody offers you such a delicious assortment of small cars today.

Six surprisingly different Chevs, 25 models in all, all under 200 inches long. They start at a little less than \$3000 (Chevette Scooter) and range to over \$7600 (Corvette), based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices. Some seat six, some just two. They come with two, three and four doors. Four, six and eight cylinders.

You can buy a prim and proper Vega Sport Coupe, or America's one and only true production sports car—the legendary Corvette.

This year brings a restyled Monza Towne Coupe—the least expensive Monza of all. Plus the newest Nova—the elegant Concours.

Chevette Hatchback Coupe



Corvette Coupe



Monza Towne Coupe



small cars for '76. Economy, Kicks.

And the star of the show, a new kind of American car, the Chevy Chevette.

Economy

Obviously, such a wide range of cars will deliver a wide range of fuel economy.

Here are the results of the U.S. Government EPA tests*:

Corvette. 19 highway, 13 city, with 350-4 V8 engine and 4-speed manual transmission.

Camaro. 26 highway, 18 city, with 250-1 Six engine and 3-speed manual transmission.

Nova. 26 highway, 18 city, with 250-1 Six engine and 3-speed manual transmission.

Monza. 35 highway, 23 city, with available 2.3-litre 2-barrel Four engine and available 4-speed manual transmission.

Vega Sport Coupe. 38 highway, 22 city, with available 140-2 Four engine and available 5-speed manual transmission.

Chevette. 40 highway, 28 city, with 1.4-litre Four engine and 4-speed manual transmission.

Remember, the mileage you get will be strongly influenced by how and where you drive.

Kicks

We've always believed that a small car should be more than just small, and solid, and thrifty.

Therefore you are going to find, within our 1976 small car line, a whole of a lot of good-time driving.

Camaro, for instance, is a *driver's* car—in the tradition of its cousin, the Corvette. The Vega GT and Monza 2+2 are refreshingly nimble and responsive.

And we think you're going to like not just the size and economy of our new little Chevette, but also its driving characteristics.

So by all means, when you go down to see the new small Chevys in the flesh, don't just stand there kicking tires and slamming doors.

Take one out for a drive. In fact, take two. They're small.



Camaro Rally Sport



Vega Sport Coupe



Concoors
4-Door Sedan

Chevrolet

*In California, see your Chevrolet dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.

Try one on for size.

1976. Chevrolet makes room for America.

Suddenly your youngest is taller than you are, or, unexpectedly, your one car is doing the work of two. Now, room and

comfort are no longer luxuries, they're necessities. So consider Chevrolet's roomy cars. They come in two basic sizes, four lines.

First, traditional-sized Caprice Classic and Impala. These compare leg room for leg room with some of America's most expensive cars, but at a Chevrolet

price. Second, Chevelle and Monte Carlo size. They're a respectable blend of spaciousness and efficiency. Both sizes give you room for six people and trunk



Try one on for value.

space for lots of luggage.

These cars are built to take a lot of driving while they give you a lot of comfort. All V8 models come with power steering

and power front disc brakes, automatic transmission and steel-belted radial tires (except Impala S). And, to ride herd on operating costs, all of these cars come with

Chevrolet's Efficiency System.

When Chevy gives you that much car, Chevy gives you room, comfort, easy-driving features—and

altogether more to enjoy than you might expect.



Chevrolet



1976 Caprice Classic. All the car anybody needs.



1976 Impala. America's most popular full-size car.



1976 Monte Carlo. Good taste speaks for itself.



1976 Chevelle. The size whose time has come.

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	20%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	2%
About Equal.....	1%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	15%
Brand B.....	8%
Brand C.....	4%
Brand D.....	3%
Brand E.....	2%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	1%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

We're proud of our reputation of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

The Bordeaux, Country French style, with beautiful simulated wood finish and genuine wood veneer top. Model SG2563P. Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH 100% SOLID-STATE
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

The boy's face strained and tensed, his teeth grated and his eyes closed as he bore down, and a little sweat appeared on his face. The toes did not move.

"Can you feel this?" The trainer jabbed a scissors' tip into his foot.

"What did you say?" the boy asked.

The trainer looked up, as if appealing to me. "Oh . . . nothing," he told the boy.

And all the people hustled around the boy. "Am I going to be all right?" he said again. "I can't feel my legs."

The doctor said they were taking him to the hospital, that one of the best neurosurgeons in the country, from Brown University, would see him, as if the boy should feel honored, as if the fact that the neurosurgeon taught at Brown University made him omniscient and omnipotent.

Our offensive team was on the field running through plays. The defense was doing calisthenics. It was not cold for the season, but it was November, and they had to stay warm or risk muscle pulls. I looked at the boy's face, at the wonderment in it, and felt sick. Sick of football. It couldn't be worth it. His eyes were open wide, as if absorbing this world never seen before. They started cutting off his equipment and he closed his eyes briefly, then reopened them.

"Am I going to be all right?" he asked the doctor one last time.

"Yes," the doctor answered him.
"you're going to be fine."

Although he was already lying on the ground he seemed to lean back then, or sort of settle. I stood off to the side with our head coach, watching knives slash through pads. We had loaned our opponents some equipment before the game: their managers had made a mistake in packing. "With our luck," somebody said, "those are our pads they're cutting through."

I laughed. It was funny. I turned away from the semicircle of people gathered around the boy and tried not to laugh; put my hand over my mouth and still laughed. It was funny. We had had budget problems all year.

They weren't our pads. We won the game easily, our fifth shutout of the season. The boy was paralyzed. I continued to coach for another three years before I quit. During that time I had players in the hospital and never got around to visiting them. Too busy planning practices. And after all, you can't worry about going down. It's part of the game. **END**

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than meets the eye.**



There are a lot of shoes around that are trying very hard to look like Wallabees. And some of them look enough like Wallabees to actually fool your eye.

But they'll never fool your foot. Clarks Wallabee® shoe is made with construction techniques that our imitators simply can't imitate. We make them from carefully selected quality leather uppers which are joined to a soft leather inner lining which wraps right around the foot, giving glove-like comfort. They have a built-in fiber arch support on a nature-form last and have natural aged plantation crepe soles that are using sponge instead of fiber, and a sturdy variety for the sole. So none gives you a Wallabee gives you.

So if you try to tell by looking, just look at the smiles on the faces of the people with Clarks Wallabees on their feet.

Better still, let your feet tell you the difference.

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OF ENGLAND



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To David M. Marketing - Building C
From Research Department

Date 10/10/77

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PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF BOTTLED BEVERAGES IN 1969 - 1976

1969 - 1976

Item	1969	1970	1971	1972
Beer Production	1,200	1,250	1,300	1,350
Corn syrup and sugar	200	210	220	230
Soft food products	100	110	120	130
Barley food products	100	110	120	130

Item	1973	1974	1975	1976
Beer Production	1,300	1,350	1,400	1,450
Corn syrup and sugar	210	220	230	240
Soft food products	110	120	130	140
Barley food products	110	120	130	140

If you have any questions or need further information, please call Mr. Johnson on 345.

David M. Marketing
Marketing Department

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A mix of cool and corn pone



All through the year the Grand Prix drivers wheel chic ta chic with beautiful people in sophisticated settings, fueling the haughty mystique that marks this kind of racing. Then comes Watkins Glen, a burg in upstate New York, and the U.S. Grand Prix. The venue is rustic, the folks are just folks and the giants of Europe are suddenly little gritty guys caught up in the sound and the flurry.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIMMYE ROSE





Scalpel, wrench! Quick, another transfusion of rpm's! For all their noise, Formula 1 racers are so delicate they spend a lot of time in surgery.



There is a pit sign for everything: Go Fast. Go Slow. Look Out. Come Home. All Is Forgiven. And, when cameras are on, Look Cheery.

Food is critical. The cors don't go far before they're back for more. Galp: some steak with a splash of high-octane sauce.





When Watkins Glen goes to bed, the night riders rise with boom and beery bust.

Once a year the evil Bog creatures once out to rampage, plunder and rip asunder.



What? You mean there's no Dom Perignon?

by Robert F. Jones



For most of the year Watkins Glen, population 2,716, is just another bucolic village tucked away in the verdant hills of New York state's wine country. You first locate Schuylar County, then drive cautiously through a speed trap called Horseheads, and you've found it. There are sure-enough tourist wonders in Watkins Glen. Most important is the glen itself, with its photogenic waterfall, one of the few remaining spots in the country that give you the chance to use the word bosky. And there is Lake Seneca which, viewed in just the right slanting afternoon light, looks like a lot of other pretty hometown lakes. All together, it is rural America at its best, pure *Saturday Evening Post* land. For most of the year, that is.

Then, all of a sudden during the first week of October, Watkins Glen becomes an acoustical nightmare. The dulcet chorle of the capon and the contented lowing of dairy herds give way to a harsh metallic keening that soon grows to a dragon's roar. The rhythmic snippety-snip of the vintner's shears is replaced by an awesome and seemingly unending chorus of shrieks. It is rubber on asphalt, mostly, punctuated at times by the hammering of pistons trying to escape through finely milled engine blocks. What is even worse, the comforting, adenoidal plainsong of country

speech usually heard in the bars and beereries of the Glen, good old ordinary American conversation dealing with irregularity or whether or not the rain'll hurt the rhubarb, dramatically yields to a whole lot of smart talk in foreign accents.

There are smarmy Britons in flared pants, cocking their lips in unconscious parody of Monty Python. Italians and Brazilians, with imitation gold snaffle bits on their loafers, gabble unintelligibly but loudly—and lewdly, of course—as they ogle the plump giggling farm girls. Frenchmen (Frogeaters to the locals) whine nastily to one another about the menus in even the finest restaurants of nearby Elmira, while Germans and Scandinavians turn up their noses at the wine lists, as if good old Taylor's best was not good enough for their continental palates. And then comes wave upon wave of college kids who follow the aliens—the long-haired backsliders to whom America and American cars are no longer cool, who drive fancy foreign machines like BMWs and Triumphs and those killer Datsun 280Zs. Unlike the continentals they idolize, these would-be expatriate kids don't stay in motels, where they would at least contribute to the local economy. Too straight. They camp out and smoke funny cigarettes and

continued

Presenting Long Johns for both sexes.

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind. Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff. And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from. Extra puffs. But, the same price as 100's. And you get the choice of Regular or Menthol.



Get into Long Johns. They'll suit you.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Menthol: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Watkins Glen

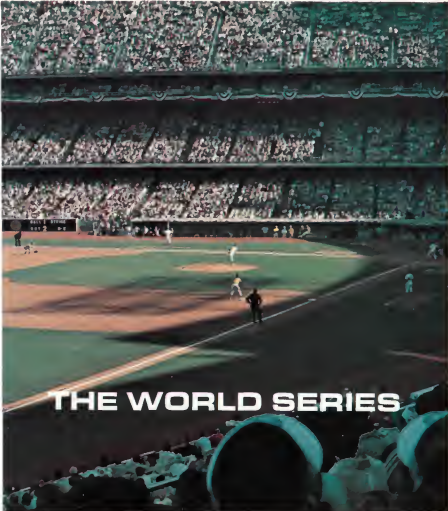
even bring their own wheat germ and T. J. Swann for sustenance. "The Invasion of the Body Scratchers," sneer the locals. Yesireebob, it is *Grassyy* time again. It is that wicked wastrel weekend when up to 110,000 interlopers from foreign climes as distant as Cornell University (25 miles) and Argentina (5,500) congregate at the Glen for the final event of the Grand Prix circuit. (Sometimes this last race decides the world driving champion for the year, although this time Austrian driver Niki Lauda and Ferrari have the title locked up as they head for the Glen.)

Sports-car racing at Watkins Glen dates back to Oct. 2, 1948, when a 52.8-mile "Grand Prix," unsanctioned by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, was run right through the village streets, and thus put the Glen on the world auto-racing map. The credit—or blame, depending on your vantage point—accrues to Cameron Argetsinger, then a young Cornell law grad and now executive director of the Sports Car Club of America. He had vacationed at Seneca Lake, sipped the local champagne and convinced the town elders to authorize a real European-style road race through the town. Fame and fortune would be theirs, he promised, and indeed by the third year the race was attracting as many as 100,000 spectators (no admission was charged in the good old days, now it is \$19 per weekend).

Then, in 1952, a careening race car hit and killed a young onlooker who was sitting on a curb, and suddenly the town became conscious of the perils of racing in the streets. The race was moved briefly to the nearby crossroads hamlet of Dix, then onto a 2.3-mile circuit on a ridge above the Glen. The first few U.S. Grand Prix races authorized by the FIA were staged in Sebring, Fla., and Riverside, Calif. they were financial disasters—and in 1961 the event returned to Watkins Glen, where it has remained in excellent health ever since. The cars now run an expanded 3.37-mile course to accommodate modern speeds. These days they turn laps of 125 mph, compared to the 71.4-mph which George Constantine's D-type Jaguar averaged to win the first race on the oldtime circuit in 1956.

Ironically, dates, numbers and speeds are among the least of the attractions that

continued on page 29



THE WORLD SERIES

**THE FOLLOWING 28 PAGE ADVERTISING SECTION
CONTAINS INFORMATION, ANECDOTES AND PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM TEN OF THE MOST EXCITING AND DRAMATIC ENCOUNTERS
IN OVER 70 YEARS OF BASEBALL'S WORLD SERIES**



It has been going on a long time now, this greatest of American institutions. Even before there was television—or radio, for that matter, if anybody can imagine that—it slowed things down just a bit in the Fall as a nation turned to its sports pages.

The World Series—simple spectacle of sport—became so important that it was even what one asked of a suspected spy in WW II movies: “Who won the Series last year?” If he didn’t know he was definitely not an American.

Things haven’t changed much since the heroes were Christy Matheson and Walter Johnson and Babe Ruth and beefsteak was 29 cents a pound. Assuredly, the names have changed to Cut-fish Hunter and Reggie Jackson and Johnny Bench and steak is slightly more than 29 cents, but the mystique is still there. It is the most American of a sizeable lot of American dreams.

Tinkers and Evers and Chance; Connie Mack and John McGraw, the Gas-house Gang of the Cardinals, all helped build the World Series legend, but it is something perhaps more basic that has made the splendid autumn classic as romantic and exciting as a Vermont snow or a Wyoming roundup: It is the game itself. And from cow pasture to Candlestick Park the fans and players alike look, wide-eyed, to the mecca—the Series.

From the beginning in 1903 the series was a thriller. The Boston Americans, trailing the Pittsburgh Pirates three games to one, captured the next four straight to win the best of nine series. The following year was a bit of a let-down when Manager John McGraw said flatly “no,” when his New York Giants were challenged by Boston. “They’re nothing but a bunch of damn bush leaguers,” McGraw said.

Then came the 1905 series, the shut-out one, when McGraw’s Giants beat the Philadelphia Athletics, four games to one, and every game was a shut-out. Apparently he considered the As a slightly more worthy opponent, but that had all changed by 1911 when he called the As a “white elephant” team. Mack adopted the now-familiar white elephant as a symbol for the team and promptly whipped the Giants, four games to two.

The World Series has been unpredictable at best. Great players have homed and unknowns have become heroes. Walter Johnson, for instance, one of the greatest pitchers of all time, never had a good series, while the legendary Babe Ruth was almost always at his best. In the 1929 Series Connie Mack pulled pitcher Howard Ehmke out of obscurity and made him a world-beater for a day. Nobody ever heard of him again.

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of what counts: taste. A lot of extra-long cigarettes
give you more length, but less taste.

Real taste is what smoking's all about. For me,
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report.

MAR. 75.



There have been upsets and little-known Cinderella teams. The 1950 Philadelphia Phillies, the "Whiz Kids" of baseball, lost four straight pennants. The 1962 Yankees, outscored 10-1 and outpitched, beat the San Francisco Giants in seven games, and in 1967 the Boston Red Sox almost pulled the impossible dream out of the hat. Ninth place in 1966, the Sox fought back brilliantly to win the pennant the following year and battled the Cardinals through seven games before losing out.

The New York Mets pulled the upset of all time in 1969 when, after having been the National League doormat for the first seven years of their existence, breezed through the playoffs, lost the first Series game to the highly-touted Baltimore Orioles, and then won the next four straight.

And 1972, the beginning of Oakland power, when the As beat the Reds in

seven games, six of which they decided by one run and not a single error on either side completed a full 9-innings in any game.

With that as background, here are ten Series that were tops for excitement or drama, or perhaps they are the ones that epitomize our competitive spirit as a nation:

1909

The seventh World Series game had all the earmarks of being the "best yet" weeks before it began. For openers, it pitted the two greatest players in baseball at the time, Ty Cobb of the Detroit Tigers and Honus Wagner of the Pittsburgh Pirates (both league-leading hitters) and two outstanding teams. It lived up to expectations.



Cobb and Wagner got things rolling in the first game when Cobb, known for flying spikes in his base-stealing slides, yelled down to Wagner at second base, "Hey, Krauthead, I'm coming down on the next pitch." He did, with spikes high, but Wagner stood his ground and firmly planted the ball in Cobb's mouth.

The Series went seven games with the Pirates winning the odd numbered games and the Tigers the even. The Pirates won the first game, 4-1, and Detroit won the second, 7-2. The third game was a real slugfest with everybody hitting. The Pirates won, 8-6, behind the five-hit pitching of Babe Adams.

George Mullin, a 29-game winner for the Tigers, tamed Pittsburgh in the fourth game, allowing only five hits for a 5-0 victory. In Game Five the Pirates put together a combination of stolen bases by Wagner and a home run by

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The Rockwell cordless $\frac{1}{4}$ " power drill. The power to handle most woods, compositions, and light metals, self-contained rechargeable battery, in a versatile, lightweight tool. Just \$29.99.



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Power is always smooth and sure with
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175 HP

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There's a bit of the Black Max in every Mercury.

The same standards of power and de-
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Pond du Lac, Wisconsin/Canada/Australia/Belgium

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1914

Manager Fred Clarke to win, 8-4. Adams won his second game of the series.

Game Six went to Detroit, 5-4 (it was even numbered), despite the efforts of 25-game winner Howard Cannitz and 22-game winner Vic Willis, in relief. The Pirates had no choice but to pitch Adams again in the seventh game and the regular season 12-game winner equalled the great Christy Matheson's 1905 record of three wins in a single Series.

When the wild and woolly Series was over Wagner had batted a rousing .333 to .231 for Cobb, the Pirates had collected 49 hits and 34 runs, and the Tigers had put together 55 hits for 28 runs; the Pirates had stolen 18 bases (six of them by Wagner), and had fired the only player ever because of World Series play. Bill Abstein was released by Pittsburgh for striking out 10 times during the Series.

The 1914 Series was the first that ever featured a Cinderella team. The Boston Braves had been in the National League cellar on July 18, and the fact that they were in the Series at all was somewhat of a miracle, but they were there and were definitely the people's choice, although few really expected them to heat the powerful Philadelphia Athletics.

Apparently the spirit they had picked up along the way carried over to the Series because they trounced the As, 7-1, in the opener, despite the fact that they were playing without the services of one of their top hitters, Carlisle Red Smith, who had broken his leg in the drive to the pennant. The As started Chief Bender on the mound but he couldn't tame the Braves.

The following day the As' stellar pitcher Eddie Plank held the Braves to seven hits and one run, but it wasn't good enough. Bill James pitched two-

hit, no-run ball for the Nationals.

The Braves didn't even have their own ball park so the third game was played in the Red Sox' stadium and Boston fans, by now, were delirious. Philadelphia still felt the whole thing was a fluke and it was time the foolishness ended. But when the smoke had cleared at the end of nine innings the score was tied, 2-2. The As picked up two runs in the tenth and it seemed all over but Hank Gowdy (who hit .545 for the Series) came to bat with one on and smacked it out of the park. Gowdy came to bat again in the 12th and doubled. His pinch runner scored as the frustrated As' pitcher Joe Bash picked up a bunt and threw it into left field. It was all over for the As, 5-4. The Braves had all the momentum a team could have and promptly ended the Series the next day with a 3-1 win. Last place on July 18. World Champions on October 13.

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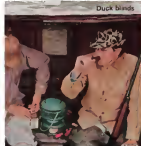
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1919

The 1919 World Series was the first, and fortunately only, one to cast any shadow on the event. It was the year of the infamous Black Sox scandal.

The Chicago White Sox were generally considered the finest team in baseball and were to face a less-seasoned Cincinnati Reds team, then in its first Series. The Reds opened things by shelling the Sox 29-game winner Eddie Cicotte and held the Americans to only six hits in winning the opener, 9-1. Already there was suspicion. When the Reds won the second game, 4-2, fans all over the country began to look askance at the whole affair.

What they later found out (almost a season later) was that a number of the White Sox players had apparently sold

out to gamblers and had agreed to play slightly under their top form.

It was later reported that pitcher Dickie Kerr was not one of those involved and it must have been true because he pitched a masterful three-hitter in the third game and the Sox won, 3-0. Cincinnati's Jimmy Ring pitched a three-hitter in the fourth game which the Reds won, 2-0, and the fifth was a duplicate three-hitter by Cincinnati's Hod Eller, the Nationals winning, 5-0.

By now there was a furor in the baseball world and Chicago fortunately won the next two, 5-4 and 4-1, with Dickie Kerr taking the former.

There were many Cincinnati fans who claimed that only one game was thrown and that the Reds won on their own merit, and perhaps they were right because in the eighth game (they had agreed to play a best of nine Series)

was a rout. Chicago completely collapsed, either by intent or dissension and Cincinnati won, 10-5, collecting 16 hits along the way.

The hero of the Series was Cincinnati right fielder Earle (Greasy) Neale, All-American football player at West Virginia Wesleyan, All-Pro for the Canton Bulldogs and coach of a Rose Bowl college football team (the same year). He batted .357.

Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis suspended for life eight of the Chicago players the next season, following an investigation of the scandal.

1921

If for no other reason than the fact that the 1921 World Series was the first for the New York Yankees it would

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have been momentous, because the Yanks were to appear in 28 other Series in the years to follow. The fact that it was bitter and hotly contested made it more interesting.

The Yanks and Giants opposed one another. More than a cross-town rivalry had built because the Yankees had been using the Polo Grounds all season while Yankee Stadium was being built. John McGraw vowed to beat the Yankees because they had outdrawn his Giants in regular season attendance.

Carl Mays, a 27-game winner for the Yankees, pitched five-hit ball in the opener, not walking a single man, and the Yankees won, 3-0. They kept things rolling behind the even more brilliant pitching of Yankee ace Waite Hoyt, who pitched a two-hitter. It was a fantastic pitcher's duel, however, as Art Nehf limited the Americans to three hits. Those hits, combined with three

Giant errors, resulted in all the Yankee runs. They again won, 3-0.

The Giants roared back in Game Three, pounding Yankee pitchers for 20 hits, to win, 13-5. The fourth game again went to the Giants, 4-2, despite a home run by Babe Ruth. Game Five again pitted Hoyt and Nehf and, although the Yankees won, 3-1, it was the end for them. They lost Ruth with a twisted knee and Games Six and Seven went to the Giants, 8-5 and 2-1.

The Eighth game found Hoyt and Nehf in another fantastic duel, with Nehf pitching four-hit ball and Hoyt six-hit.

The Giants scored on an error in the first inning and that was the only run of the game, although the Yankees came close in the last of the ninth when Home Run Baker slammed a mighty liner toward second base. Johnny Rawlings not only held onto it but completed

a double play that gave the championship to McGraw's Giants.

1932

The 1932 Series was designed for the hitter. The Yankees won it in four straight games, but the losing Chicago Cubs hit almost as well. The two clubs established a record of 82 hits which still stands 43 years later as a record in a four-game Series.

The victory was a sweet one for the Yankees' new Manager Joe McCarthy, who had been fired by the Cubs one year earlier because of failure to produce a pennant-winning club. In the first game the Cubs got to the Yankees' Red Ruffing in the second inning and, for a while, it looked as if they might outlast the power-laden American Leaguers. But the "Murderers' Row" of



the Yankees exploded for three runs in the fourth and five more in the sixth. The final score was 12-6.

Lefty Gomez made his Series debut in the second game against the Cubs' Lon Warneke but, despite the appearance of the two stellar hurlers, it was still a slugfest with the Yankees winning, 5-2.

The third game produced the most dramatic moment in the history of World Series play. Babe Ruth, who had been heckled and ridden unmercifully all afternoon by the hostile Chicago crowd apparently reached the breaking point in the fifth inning. Charlie Root batted a fast ball past him for a called strike, and the fans roared. Ruth held up one finger. When Ruth raised a second finger after the next called strike the crowd and the Chicago bench howled. Then, with the drama of a

Shakespearean actor, Ruth pointed his hat toward right-center field. The roars of laughter came from everywhere as Root prepared to hurl yet a third fast ball past the Bambino. The solid crack of the bat stilled the crowd for a moment, but they rose in unison as they watched in dazed wonderment as the ball cleared the wall in right-center field. Their cheers could be heard in the Loop as Ruth trotted around the bases, thumbing his nose at the Chicago bench. The Yankees won, 7-5.

They breezed home in the fourth game, 13-6, behind the two home runs of Tony Lazzeri, but it was the overall performance of Lou Gehrig in the Series that outshone everyone. It was probably the finest performance by a single player in any World Series. He not only batted .529 but scored nine runs, had nine hits (including three homers and a double) and drove in

eight runs. It was an even greater performance than those by Hank Gowdy in 1914, Ruth in 1928 and Pepper Martin of the Cardinals in 1931.

1934

If the Gas House Gang of the St. Louis Cardinals had a spokesman it had to be Dizzy Dean. Not only had Dean won 30 regular season games but he had never let anybody forget it, especially the Detroit Tigers as they went into the Series.

The Tigers were loaded with talent in Mickey Cochrane, Charlie Gehringer and Hank Greenberg so they weren't particularly impressed with the press clippings of the rough-and-tumble Gas-housers. They became more impressed after the first three games, of which the Cardinals won two (they lost the middle

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game, 3-2, in 12 innings), Dean taking the first, 8-3, behind 3 hits and Brother Paul Dean taking the third, 4-1.

The fourth game was the first in which the Tiger hitters came to life. They won, 10-4. During the course of the game, Dix, as a pinch runner, got in the way of a throw at second and was knocked cold. When he came to he asked, "Did I break up the double play?"

Dix started the fifth game but was shelled in the final inning as the Tigers won, 3-1. It looked like the turning point but Game Six disproved that. The Cards got to ace hurler Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe and they won 4-3, behind the pitching and hitting of Paul Dean.

The final game was one you might expect from the Gas-house Gang: 11-0, St. Louis, with the Cardinals collecting 17 hits and Dizzy simply toying with the Tigers.

The highlight of the game was a tussle between Ducky Medwick, who wasn't too popular with the Detroit fans anyway because of his outstanding hitting in the Series, and Tiger Marv Owen. When Medwick returned to left field he was showered with vegetables and garbage and had to be taken out so the game could continue. It was somehow a fitting climax for the Gas-house Gang as Medwick and a couple of his teammates tossed things back at the fans.

When the smoke and garbage cleared Dizzy and Paul had won two games each, Medwick had batted .379 and the Tigers, players and fans alike, were in a state of shock.

to the two teams playing than any Series in years. For one thing, it was the first in 34 years for the Boston Braves and the first in 28 years for the Cleveland Indians. Also, Cleveland had had to go through a playoff with the Red Sox to get there at all.

The first game pitted two greats of the mound, Cleveland's Bob Feller and Boston's Johnny Sain. It proved to be a heart-breaker for Feller, who pitched two-hit ball but lost the game, 1-0, on a hotly disputed call at second base. Photos showed Indian Manager Lou Boudreau to be right but it was too late. Sain had pitched four-hit ball in one of the greatest pitching battles on record.

Cleveland's Bob Lenson and Boston's Warren Spahn faced one another in the second game but the Indians were fired up from what they considered the "bad call" of the opener and shelled the Braves, 4-1. They won the third,

1948

The 1948 event was more important



2-0, behind the five-hit pitching of Gene Bearden, who had won the play-off game for the Tribe.

Sain pitched five-hit ball in the fourth game but the Indians made good use of them with Boudreau driving in one run and Larry Doby another with a homer.

The Indians won, 2-1. Bob Feller, one of the great fastball pitchers of all time, again went after a Series victory in the fifth game, but it was not to be. A pair of home runs by Bob Elliott would have been enough, but the Braves hit freely and won, 11-5. Spahn came on in the fourth and limited the American League champs to one hit the rest of the day.

The highlight of the day for Cleveland was probably the appearance of Satchel Paige, who retired the final two batters in the game.

Bob Lemon pitched masterful ball until the eighth inning of the sixth game



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when, with the Indians leading, 4-1, things began to fall apart. He loaded the bases with one out and Boudreau brought on Bearden. A long fly scored one run and a double by Phil Masi counted for another. Trailing by one run, Mike McCormick lashed a torrid line drive back at the pitcher and Bearden, never flinching, held onto the sizzling liner to end the game and give the championship to the Indians.

1955

Nineteen fifty-five will be remembered as the year the Dodgers finally beat the Yankees, after five previous World Series attempts.

It didn't start out that way as Whitey Ford, hacked up by two home runs by

Joe Collins and one by Elston Howard, beat the Dodgers, 6-5. It was a cliff-hanger all the way with each team catching up after the other had scored, until Collins' second homer iced it for the Yanks. The Yankees continued their dominance in the second game, winning, 4-2, and it looked as if it would be a repeat of past years. But the teams went to Flatbush for the third game and that was the boost the Dodgers needed. They were hard to beat at home. Johnny Podres pitched steady seven-hit ball and was backed up by the powerful bats of Roy Campanella, Carl Furillo, Duke Snider and Gil Hodges. The Dodgers won, 8-3.

The following day the Dodgers kept right on hitting, 14 of them. In the fourth inning Campanella, Hodges and Snider all homered and the Dodgers were rolling, winning 8-5.

The Beautiful Bums made it three in

a row on Brooklyn soil with a home run by Sandy Amoros and two by Duke Snider. The Yankees, who had been determined to win at least one game across the East River, fought hard but it was a lost cause for them. They lost, 5-3.

The Yankees came storming back when they got to the Bronx again, scoring five runs in the first inning off Karl Spooner, three of them on a homer by Bill Skowron. Ford pitched splendid four-hit ball to beat the Dodgers, 5-1.

Brooklyn had yet to win a game at Yankee Stadium that year, but a determined Podres controlled the ball so well in the seventh game that the Yankees, even though collecting eight hits, were unable to put them together to score a single run. Campanella scored from second (after doubling) on a single by Hodges in the fourth and they added a second in the sixth. A brilliant

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catch by speedy Sandy Amoros of a sure-hit by Berra with two on and one out saved the day for the Dodgers. Amoros not only made the spectacular running, diving catch but, off balance, threw a runner out for a double play to win the Series for the Dodgers. They had done it at last.

The first game was a nip-and-tuck affair with the Pirates finally winning it, 6-4, after Elroy Face came on to relieve Vernon Law on the mound. It was to be the first of many appearances by Face in the Series. The Yankees got rolling in the second game (the 16-3 rout) and everyone in the lineup except reliever Bobby Shantz collected at least one hit, including two homers by Muckey Mantle.

The following day the Yankees got 16 hits and, to add insult to injury, veteran hurler Whitey Ford tossed a four-hitter at the Pirates as his teammates collected ten runs. At this point most clubs would have tossed in something, but not the Pirates. Vernon Law again started and looked good, except for the home run ball he dished up to Bill Skowron. The Pirates bounced back in the fifth when Law himself blasted a double to score a run. Then Billy Virdon batted in two runs. The Pirates held

on, although Face had to come on again to put out a fire.

Harvey Haddix pitched five-hit ball against the bewildered Yankees in the fifth game and, with the aid of Face again, beat the New Yorkers, 5-2. By the sixth game the Yankees were determined to show their muscle again and, while Whitey Ford was putting together a shut-out, they got to five Pirate pitchers for 17 hits and 12 runs.

The City of Pittsburgh was ready for the seventh game. There were "Beat 'em Bucs" banners and bumper stickers on everything. New York fans couldn't understand why the Pirates hadn't learned some kind of lesson. But Rocky Nelson gave them the answer in the first inning. The Pirates were not out yet. He homered with a man on. For emphasis, the Pirates added two more in the second when Virdon singled with two on (he also had an outstanding

1960

Few clubs have ever been beaten around as much as the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1960 and still come back to win. The Yankees trounced them three times, 16-3, 10-0 and 12-0, still the Pirates wouldn't give up. In addition to that, the Yankees broke records that still stand—most hits, 91; most runs, 55. But the Pirates didn't seem too impressed.

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fielding record during the Series). Skowron homered in the fifth for the Yankees. Face was brought in one inning later but this time he couldn't halt the Yankee freight train.

A series of hits, capped by a three-run homer by Berra put the Yanks in front, 5-4. Face gave up two more runs in the eighth and the New Yorkers appeared to be on their way to another Series title.

In the bottom of the eighth, the Pirates opened with a single by Cinoili and a grounder by Virdon that took a bad hop and caught Tony Kubek in the Adam's apple. Both runners were safe. Singles by Groat and Roberto Clemente brought two more runners home and reserve catcher Hal Smith homered to put the Bucs ahead, 9-7.

The Yankees got to Bob Friend in the ninth with singles by Bobby Richardson and Dale Long. Harvey Haddix

came on to retire Maris but Mantle singled Richardson home. Berra hit a sizzling liner that dazed Nelson and he couldn't make the play on McDougald, who raced home with another run. The game was now, 9-9. The Pirates opened the last of the ninth with the weak end of the batting order, but Bill Mazeroski hadn't been told it was any less potent than the other end. He let the first pitch go by and sent the next one over the scoreboard to give the Pirates a 10-9 victory and the Series.

1964

The St. Louis Cardinals were hungry by the time they got to the 1964 Series. It had been 18 years and they were ready. So were the Yankees.

Their start was slower than some expected. Whitey Ford had limited the

Redbirds to five hits in the sixth inning of the first game and the Yankees led, 4-2, when the St. Louis bomb exploded. Ken Boyer singled and Mike Shannon bounced a booming 450-foot homer off the wall. When Tim McCarver doubled it was the end for Ford, literally the end because he had developed arm trouble and never pitched a Series game again. The Cards won, 9-5.

Mel Stottlemyre went nine innings for the Yankees as they won the second game, 8-3, despite a brilliant performance by Bob Gibson, who fanned nine Yankees. Jim Bouton six-hit pitched the Yankees to a 2-1 victory in the third game with a heavy assist from Mickey Mantle who homered in the ninth.

The Yankees opened the first inning of the fourth game with three runs and it took reliever Roger Craig to tame them down. In fact, Craig went on to strike out eight batters in 4½ innings.

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Ken Boyer was the one who broke the Yankees' back that day. He blasted one into the stands in the sixth inning with the bases loaded. It was all it took to beat the Yankees, 4-3.

It took ten innings of frantic baseball to decide the fifth game. The Cardinals managed to build up a 2-0 lead by the ninth inning but a homer by Tom Tresh with one on wiped that out. Tim McCarver made sure it would go no more than ten innings, however, as he homered with two on to give the Cards the game, 5-2.

With the Cardinals leading, 1-0, in the fifth inning of the sixth game, Tresh doubled and pitcher Bouton singled him home. The following inning Maris and Mantle hit back-to-back home runs and

Joe Pepitone smashed a grand slam homer in the eighth to give the Yankees an 8-3 win.

The final game pitted Gibson and Stottlemyre, who were both working with only two days off. Boyer got the scoring started in the fourth as he came home on a throwing error and McCarver and Mike Shannon staged a double steal, with McCarver scoring. Dal Maxvill singled Shannon home and the Cards were ahead, 2-0. In the fifth, Lou Brock hit reloader Downing's first pitch into the seats, but White singled and Boyer doubled Downing out of the game. White and Boyer scored on an infield out and a sacrifice and the Cards led, 6-0.

Gibson, obviously tired, served up a

home run ball to Mantle in the sixth. There were two aboard. Ken Boyer countered with a one-run homer in the Cardinal seventh and Phil Lutz and Cleto Boyer followed suit for the Yankees in the ninth to make it a 7-5 ballgame, with the Cards leading. A determined Gibson knuckled down and struck out the last two batters of the game, giving him a total of nine strikeouts for the final contest and a record-breaking 31 for the Series.

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Here's a list of things this radio can do.

First, and most important, it makes a tremendous sound.

Only 8" high, the speaker is an oversized 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Also, there's a "Squelch Switch" to suppress interfering noise.

So what you end up with are the rich vel-

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There are three bands: FM, AM, and Public Service (Police car transmissions, for instance).

A "moving rim" style tuning dial.

And a 60-minute timer that turns the radio on and off.

Why not stop in at a Sony dealer and get checked out?

Then find a lonely stretch of road and open her up.

THE COCKPIT.

Model ICF-G200. Transmits on three bands: portable radio, Police, AM.



"IT'S A SONY"

Working Glen

continued from page 10

draw crowds to road-racing events like the U.S. Grand Prix. They are more autumnal rites. The contrast between the bucolic and the slickly sophisticated underlies the charm of the Glen, just as it does lesser races at Elkhart Lake, Wis., and Road Atlanta. For all its hick-town hokum, upstate New York is splendid country in early October. There are strangely tilted landscapes, fiery fall colors, the smell of woodsmoke mixing with burned rubber, and there are the cars—sleekly ravenous monsters out of a hashish dream—gobbling up the countryside. It is a lesson in the nature of heroism to wander among the drivers. Good heavens! They are inevitably little dinks of guys who seem far too effete ever to try anything so deadly as racing a Formula 1 car. And to talk with them, to discover that they are steely tough despite their funny clothes and accents, is always a revelation.

For the cognoscenti, there also is the wheeling-dealing as drivers and owners intrigue around the tacky tables of the Glen Motor Inn to arrange for next year's sponsorships and rides, not to mention the arcane automotive lore that fills the cavernous Kendall Tech Center, where the cars are housed and the innovations of future cars are bruited about. After all, those tiny cars with those timer men inside them are still doing more, in a racing sense, with much less power than American Indianapolis-type machinery.

All of this is in the air: it is atmosphere that makes the Glen the exciting spot it has become. Monaco may have its haughty hotels and waterfront yachts; the Nürburgring its gnome-fraught forests; Silverstone is thick with wheat and cozy Cromwellian inns; Zeltweg, in Austria, is near unto the Alps; and Monza is hard by the jewels of the Italian lake district. But none of them has The Bog, a nightmarish swamp full of drunks and dopers that eats whole buses alive. Perhaps that is the true image of the U.S. Grand Prix: courage and corn pone, sophistication with a straw in its teeth; hazard in the midst of hokum. So what if next year the FIA sanctions a second U.S. Grand Prix in Long Beach, Calif. Even with the *Queen Mary* going for it, that hick town will have to go some to beat the Glen.

Yessireebob!

END

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The appraisal was by Dr. Rosalind Parker of the Graduate School and University Center, at The City University of New York * (Dr. Parker directs the Cognitive Development Project, at the University's Center for The Advanced Study of Education.)

"Big Blue Marble" takes its name from the photograph of Earth snapped from Moon orbit. It's designed particularly to appeal to children in the 8 to 12 group, and its aim is to encourage awareness in children of the world they live in by showing how children in other lands live, play, work and grow up.

One regular feature of the show, "Dear Pen Pal," encourages children to make friends with English-speaking children in other countries.

Here's what other educators, critics, and the viewing public have to say about the series:

"On the basis of our own values and biases, we feel that it is an attractive and long overdue example of the kind of children's programming that the television industry needs."

Institute for Communication Research, Stanford University

"[ACT commends] Alphaventures [film production company] for creating the 'Big Blue Marble,' an ITT-backed venture

designed to run without commercials; and for developing teacher materials to supplement the program."

Action for Children's Television

"An excellent series... The program is both entertaining in that it appeals to the child's curiosity, and educational in that it broadens the child's awareness of other cultures."

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"'Dear Pen Pals' is one feature that adds true meaning to 'Big Blue Marble' because it involves the child in such a personal way."

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The door of the visitors' dressing room at the Orange Bowl flew open and Barry Switzer stomped out, a paper cup of ice rattling in his fingers, his voice rising to a howl that would make a fireman start looking for his hat. "Get me out of Miami!" Switzer yelled. That is the cry of pain one usually hears when the check is presented at one of those joints with purple lights and palm trees on the beach. What Switzer really wants is to return to Florida on New Year's Day—but for the Orange Bowl game, not for another meeting with the University of Miami. After barely beating the 35-point underdog Hurricanes 20-17 last Friday night, Switzer's Oklahoma Sooners can testify that the rumors about Miami dropping football are premature.

Inside the dressing room the Oklahoma players ambled about, pulling clothes on over rug burns and bruised bodies. Senior All-America Halfback Joe Washington tenderly probed a lump on his right forearm and glanced down at raw pink patches where skin had been scraped off his left leg. Washington had gained only 54 yards in 14 carries against Miami (a 41-yard run was nullified because of clipping). It was the second time in three games this season that Washington, who has been enthusiastically promoted as a Heisman Trophy candidate, was held to a mediocre output. But Little Joe was grinning, even breaking into song now and then, as if delighted to have run into the Hurricanes for the last time in his career.

"These guys are always tough on us," Washington said, scrubbing at the yard-line paint that glittered like sequins on his arms. "They holler at us, cuss us, try to smash us. This is a terrible field to play on. I hate an artificial surface, anyhow, and this one [Poly-Turf] is worn out and slippery and hard to do a sharp cut on. That's no excuse, it's just a fact. But we won, and I don't see any reason why the score should affect our No. 1 ranking."

A couple of weeks ago, after Oklahoma crushed Oregon 62-7 in the Sooners' opener, Washington was not in such an amiable humor, nor was Switzer doing the call of the wild. The star halfback and the undefeated coach were in contrasting moods then, too, and the reason was clear. The Sooners had rolled for 544 yards on the ground against Oregon, but Washington had picked up only 57 of them and had been allowed to run with

Smoke through a keyhole

That's Joe Washington of Oklahoma—just here, now there, hit hard, still moving—e runner who Sooner fans insist is the best in the country

the ball but 12 times—hardly what he wanted in his drive for Steve Owens' Oklahoma rushing record of 3,867 yards. (Washington needed 743 when the season began.)

After the Oregon game, Washington had dressed quickly and left the stadium in a heavy funk, feeling he had been slighted. "Joe's not gonna win the Heisman Trophy playing against Oregon," said Switzer that night. "It's what he does against teams like Nebraska and Texas that counts."

Switzer described Washington as "a Houdini type of runner. He's probably the fastest man in the world for 15 yards. Then he stops and sort of shakes himself

and, bam, he's off again for 15 of the fastest yards you ever saw. His style is not at all like Greg Pruitt's. You could see Pruitt ignite, see an afterburner go off in his tail, and he'd keep moving faster and faster. Darrell Royal [who failed to get the Texas-born halfback] says Washington can go through a keyhole like smoke, which is a good way to put it. Pruitt once said if he had to tackle Washington in an open field, he would give up on the first shot and hope he could grab Joe from behind."

These opinions of his ability were repeated to Joe Washington the next morning. He sat in his small room in the campus athletic dorm, Washington House

continued



OFFERING UP NOTHING BUT AIR, WASHINGTON FOILS A WOULD-BE TACKLER

Compare:	Pinto Pony MPG	vs	Chevette Scooter
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More about price. Price quotations are base sticker prices excluding title, taxes and destination charges. Actual prices and comparisons will vary by dealer. Pinto Pony MPG shown with optional wsw tires (\$33), Luxury Decor Group (\$241).		More about mileage. Since these are estimates, your actual mileage will vary depending on your car's condition and optional equipment and how and where you drive. California ratings lower.	

Pinto Pony MPG gives you more road-hugging weight.
Pinto Pony MPG is built with a strong steel unitized-body construction that gives you 627 more pounds of road-hugging weight than Chevette Scooter, for a smooth, solid ride on almost any kind of road.

Sticker priced less than the 2-passenger Chevette Scooter, \$203 less than the 4-passenger base Chevette.

While the 2-passenger Chevette Scooter has a low price, don't expect carpeting (rubber mats), upholstered interior door panels (fiberboard), chrome window trim (rubber molding), chrome bumpers and hubcaps (painted), and many other interior convenience features. Don't even expect a back seat (the base Scooter doesn't even have one).

For a little less money than the 2-passenger Scooter, you can drive a

Pinto Pony MPG that includes a lot of things the Scooter leaves out.

You can choose a 4-passenger Chevette, however. But it's sticker priced about \$200 more than our standard Pony.

The inside story of the Pinto Pony MPG.

Our wide-body interior design gives you more shoulder and hip room (and about the same headroom) for more spacious comfort than the Chevette Scooter.

And our wide track in front and rear gives you excellent stability and handling.

It's a lot of little car.

Pinto Pony MPG offers a combination of 2.3 liter overhead-cam engine, 4-speed shift, rack-and-pinion steering for precise control, and self-adjusting front disc brakes. All standard. The 4-speed fully synchronized short-throw shift is floor mounted, as in some of

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You'll find 40 more horses in every Pinto Pony MPG.

But it's still EPA rated at 38 miles per gallon highway, 25 city.

Compare the new Pinto Pony MPG to the Chevette Scooter or any other small car.

Pinto Pony MPG's road-hugging weight, wide stance, big engine, high EPA rating and low price all add up to outstanding value.

It's easy to see why Pinto Pony MPG is more car.

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The closer you look, the better we look.

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Wagon with 4 doors, wsw, WSW tires. Protection Group and 4-Speed optional. Bumpers with optional chrome. Protection Group, wsw, WSW tires and 4-Speed optional. Bumpers with optional chrome. Protection Group, wsw, WSW tires and 4-Speed optional. Bumpers with optional chrome.



You've earned your stripe



...for not making any alibis when you lost the club championship to your dentist's 73-year-old father.

...when you admit you really enjoyed that "G"-rated movie.

...because you put together your stereo system without once calling your brother-in-law.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.



(named for George, though someone has printed Joe's name on the sign). A pair of Washington's spray- and brush-painted silver and red football shoes stood on the window ledge behind him. He had just switched off his reel-to-reel stereo tape machine, and he studied the floor. Inside the black boot on his right foot were a taped ankle and a bruised toe—the ankle a mysterious injury he says he got by stepping sideways off a board on a construction job last summer, the toe an equally vague mishap that he says he played on last season. Washington seemed to think the discussions on his style of running were somehow a reflection on his speed.

"There's three people in the world know how fast I can run," he said. "I know, my father [Big Joe, head football coach at Lincoln High School in Port Arthur, Texas] knows, and Coach Wendell Mosley [once a high school coaching opponent of Big Joe, now coach of OU running backs and recruiter of Joe Washington] knows. People say I run the 40 in 4.5, or whatever they say. The time you run the 40 against the clock doesn't matter that much when you're playing a game. I've seen 5.5 tackles grab 4.4 backs from behind. Oklahoma has a tradition of good running backs. It started way before I got here, and there's been seven or eight good running backs every year I've been here. If you can't move, you won't make it here."

That is indeed true—this current group of backs may be the best Oklahoma has ever rounded up—and that makes it even more special that as a freshman Washington entered the lineup often enough to gain 630 yards. He has been a starter since he was in the ninth grade on a top-class Texas high school team coached by his father. Joe's younger brother Ken, a sophomore, is the starting quarterback for North Texas State. On the first weekend of last season Joe and Ken both made Associated Press Back of the Week—Joe against Baylor and Ken against Southern Methodist.

"We actually did Ken a favor by not recruiting him," Switzer says. "If we had needed a pure drop-back passing quarterback, I'd have gone for Ken in a minute. But Ken only weighs about 165 pounds, and our wishbone quarterbacks have to be more like running backs."

"I would have liked to have played college football on the same team as my little brother," Washington said. "But I got

to see three of his games last year, and my folks saw most of his and several of mine."

Although Joe Washington is noted as an outside runner who can become all-most invisible when returning punts and kickoffs, Oklahoma coaches are not reluctant to order his 5'10", 184-pound body into the middle of the line. Against Texas last season, Washington ran the halfback counter—a simple play designed to hit over guard—15 times and got 75 of his 124-yard total out of it. Darrell Royal says, "We figure if a really good back ran that play at us 15 times he might get 30 yards, not 75. But we never knew where Washington was going. He would start toward right guard and pop up disappearing around left end."

"Sometimes I do things that surprise me when I see them on film," said Washington. "In the Kansas game last year a guy reached for me and I just took his hand and moved it away, like that wasn't a polite thing to do. But it's not usually that easy. People get mad and bite me, twist my legs, stick their fingers in my mask and try to claw my eyes." He laughed at the thought of it. "In the Baylor game I was lying on the ground and a guy walked over and kicked me. I looked up at him and couldn't believe it."

Washington admitted he had played a bit uncertainly against Oregon. Partly that was because of the rain-sloshed artificial turf (Washington says artificial turf takes much of the "boyish feeling" out of the game) and partly because Switzer holds Washington and several other regulars out of scrimmages.

"Not scrimmaging is a good way to keep from getting hurt," Washington said. "But I hadn't had any real contact since the Oklahoma State game last year, and it took me a while to settle down. I was used as a blocker on most of our first 30 plays. I like to block, but I like to run with the ball more than 12 times. I average 17 or 18 carries a game, which is a big transition from high school, where I carried it 30 or 40 times a game."

On the Oklahoma campus, Washington keeps pretty much to himself after classes and practice. "Maybe I get with one or two of my friends," he said. "I listen to music. I like everything except country and Western. But I haven't been to a single party this season. I think I went to one last season, two the season

before, a few as a freshman. I don't see myself as much of a dancer. I'm not antisocial, but I like some quiet times. I can roam around the campus and nobody recognizes me. Or if they do, they don't say anything."

Washington is a public-relations major, a fairly good photographer, drives a Plymouth, rides a 10-speed bike, is a classy dresser and feels not the slightest ping of conscience at having left Texas to play football north of the Red River.

"Now, man, that would never enter my mind," he said. "I visited 25 schools before I came to Oklahoma. I came here because my father and Coach Mosley thought it was the best. I don't regret it."

True to his promise that he was not trying to keep the ball away from Washington, Switzer let Little Joe have it 23 times in Oklahoma's second game of the season. Washington responded by gaining 166 yards against Pittsburgh (60 more were called back because of penalties). So Washington felt wanted again, his attitude brightened and a week later he was able to shrug off his showing against Miami. Colorado was coming up, then Texas and, later, Missouri and Nebraska. Joe Washington will see his share of action. And chances are, glory.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

SOUTH The Southeastern Conference race got under way with Alabama, Tennessee and Florida cruising to league victories. The Tide, seeking its fifth consecutive title, scored in its first four possessions to beat Vanderbilt 40-7 and bring this laurel from Commodore Coach Fred Pancoast. "Missouri didn't do the rest of us any favors by stirring them up."

Auburn, expected to be Alabama's closest challenger, remained winless by losing to the Volunteers 21-17. Larry Seivers caught six passes, two for touchdowns, and was rewarded with all three game balls. Seven Mississippi State turnovers, a 74-yard scoring jaunt by Jimmy DuBose and a 65-yard TD pass from Halfback Tony Green to Larry LeCount, helped Florida win 27-10. Even so, Bulldog Coach Bob Tyler said, "I can't recall a loss in which I felt so strongly we should have won."

In non-league games Georgia tripped South Carolina 28-20, Kentucky tied Maryland 10-10, LSU edged Rice 16-13 and Mis-

sissippi ripped Southern Mississippi 24-8. Glynn Harrison's 160 yards rushing and Kevin McLee's 131 helped the Bulldogs put together scoring drives of 80, 83, 89 and 52 yards. Gamecock Coach Jim Carlen said South Carolina was helpless to prevent its first loss. "We couldn't protect everywhere. They ran to the outside to open up the middle and then they ran up the middle."

Kentucky tied Maryland when John Pierce boomed a 45-yard field goal with eight seconds left, only his second in 11 attempts this year. Sonny Collins gained 161 yards to set a new SEC career rushing mark of 3,099 yards. Maryland's touchdown came on a 93-yard kickoff return by Rick Jennings.

LSU won its first game of the year thanks to two touchdown plunges in the first and third quarters by Terry Robiskie. A 52-yard scoring scamper by Michael Sweet, part of a 147-yard afternoon, propelled Mississippi.

Clemson lost 33-28 to Georgia Tech but found a new quarterback in freshman Willie Jordan, who completed 13 of 21 passes for 251 yards and two touchdowns, scored another TD rushing and kicked a 26-yard field goal and an extra point. "Our problem defensively," said Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers, "is that when they throw long, we cover short and when they throw short, we cover long." Clemson had the biggest defensive problem, however, allowing 331 yards on the ground. Fifty-three of them came on a touchdown play in which the ball went from Quarterback Danny Myers to Halfback David Sims via a fumble.

Florida State scored on the first play of the first half—a 78-yard pass—and Iowa State rushed in on the first play of the second half—a 57-yard run—but it was the Cyclones who won 10-6. Although the Seminole defense stopped three drives inside the five, FSU's Keith Singletary missed two short field-goal attempts. Syracuse remained unbeaten with a 31-13 defeat of Tulane. The Orangemen trailed 13-10 at the half, but improved pass defense and the running of Fullback Earl Vaughn gave them the win.

Kansas State deflected a two-point conversion pass in the final minutes to hold off Wake Forest 17-16. The loss dropped the Deacons behind the Wildcats as the longest team in college football history.

1. Alabama (2-1)

2. Tennessee (2-1) 3. Florida (2-1)

WEST A 58-yard field goal by Dave Lawson ignited a 17-point third-quarter rally that enabled Air Force to be UCLA 20-20. It was the second three-pointer of the game by Lawson, the 42nd of his career and it tied an NCAA record. On the series following the field goal, Falcon Ray Wild returned an intercepted pass 36 yards for a touchdown. Although the Bruins then set out on an 80-yard scoring drive of their own, Air

continued

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Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
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Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
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Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine

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Filter and Menthol—4 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Force marched right back on the passing of Quarterback Rob Shaw, who completed a seven-yarder to Frank Cox for the final TD. In the fourth quarter each team missed a field goal of about 45 yards.

Stanford had an even more upsetting experience, losing to unbeaten San Jose State 36-34. The Cardinals tried hard, but they never could make it back from a 36-point outburst in the second quarter that gave the Spartans a 30-7 halftime lead. State Quarterback Roger Proffitt passed for 258 yards and two touchdowns and ran for another.

USC, held to three first downs and 58 yards of offense in the first half, capitalized on Darny Reece's punt returns to beat Purdue 19-6. Roms of 47 yards to the Boilermaker 12 and 68 yards to the three helped the Trojans break the game open. Ricky Bell was limited to 89 yards in 25 tries and one touchdown.

Washington and California won their first games at the expense of previously unbeaten opponents. Pass defense keyed the Huskies' 14-13 win over Navy. Interceptions by Roberto Jourdan and Al Burleson set up one touchdown and scored the second; Burleson then knocked down a two-point conversion attempt by the Middles with 1:08 remaining. Paul Jones scored twice and Chuck Munroe gained 124 yards as the Bears topped Washington State 33-21.

Western Athletic Conference favorites Arizona State and Arizona remained unbeaten with 20-0 and 14-0 victories over Brigham Young and Wyoming.

1. USC (3-0)

2. Arizona State (3-0) 3. UCLA (3-0-1)

MIDWEST

The lesser lights of the Big Ten could not handle one of the most challenging schedules in conference history. Not surprisingly, USC, Missouri, Notre Dame, Texas A&M and Penn State, five of the country's top 12 teams, rolled over Purdue 19-6, Wisconsin 27-21, Northwestern 31-7, Illinois 43-13 and Iowa 30-10.

The biggest disappointment, however, was Michigan's 14-14 tie with Baylor, the second straight week the Wolverines were deadlocked at home. What's worse, everyone agreed that the Bears, also tied for the second week in a row, should have won. "Console me," said Baylor Coach Grant Teaff. "We said if we weren't undefeated in our first three games we would be No. 1. Well, we did, but we aren't even in the top 20."

The good news for the Big Ten was Ohio State's 32-7 defeat of North Carolina, Michigan State's 37-15 romp over North Carolina State, Indiana's 31-7 trouncing of Utah and Minnesota's 10-7 defeat of Oregon.

Pete Johnson scored a school-record five touchdowns for Ohio State, and Archie Griffin's 157 yards in 22 carries rushing made him the Buckeyes' career total offense lead-

er. Three of North Carolina State's seven turnovers enabled Michigan State's Levi Jackson to score three TDs in the first 6:38 of the game. Terry Jones led Indiana with three touchdowns passes to Trent Smock and 291 yards overall, while Minnesota's Brian Kocourek brought about Oregon's 11th straight loss by kicking a 37-yard field goal with 32 seconds left.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Kansas Quarterback Nolan Cromwell, a former defensive back, carried 28 times for 294 yards against Oregon State, scoring on a 76-yard run and breaking Gale Sayers' single-game Jayhawk record of 283 yards set in 1962.

DEFENSE: In a near upset, Miami senior Ed Steadman Scavella made 13 tackles against top-ranked Oklahoma, including two sacks. He caused two Sooner fumbles, recovered a third and deflected a pass which was intercepted.

Missouri beat Wisconsin despite two touchdowns by Billy Marek that made him the Big Ten's all-time TD leader with 38. Notre Dame's win over Northwestern marked the home debut of Coach Dan Devine. Joe Montana showed the way by running and passing for two touchdowns after starting Quarterback Rick Slager was injured. Penn State scored twice in the fourth quarter to pull away from Iowa.

Terry Luck threw three touchdown passes, one during a two-TD burst within 21 seconds of the second quarter, as Nebraska destroyed TCU 56-14. Oklahoma State pummeled North Texas State 61-7 but lost Quarterback Charlie Weatherbit, who suffered a broken collarbone. Eight players scored as Colorado annihilated Wichita State 52-0 and Quarterback Nolan Cromwell's 294 yards rushing helped Kansas beat Oregon State 20-0.

1. Ohio State (3-0)

2. Oklahoma (3-0) 3. Nebraska (3-0)

SOUTHWEST

Darrell Royal got his 100th Southwest Conference victory as Texas defeated Texas Tech 42-18. The offensive punch of Fullback Earl Campbell and Quarterback Marty Akins more than compensated for the Longhorns' defensive raggedness, a school-record 169 yards in penalties and three blocked extra points. Campbell scored touchdowns on runs of 20 and 30 yards and maintained his 1975 150-yards-a-game rushing average, while Akins ran and passed for 187 yards and two more TDs.

Texas A&M Linebacker Ed Simontini, who has occasionally criticized his offensive teammates, is changing his tune. Following the Aggie's 43-13 defeat of Illinois, in which the offense amassed 493 yards, Simontini said,

"They did a job. They're finally putting it together and we're making a team."

A three-touchdown explosion in the third quarter broke the game open. Bubba Bean dashing 74 yards for one touchdown, David Shipman 59 yards for another and Skip Walker 28 yards for the third. Bean, who also scored from the five, finished with 158 yards in 12 carries.

Getting his chance because two other quarterbacks were injured, former Defensive End Chuck Benefield directed Southern Methodist to a 26-16 upset of Houston. Although the Cougars had 429 offensive yards to the Mustangs' 350, they committed all of the game's five turnovers. Arthur Whittington scored twice for SMU.

Arkansas overcame an early Tulsa lead, then shook off a 75-yard scoring pass play to post a 31-13 victory. Hog Running Backs Jerry Eickwood and El Forte again topped the 100-yard mark, Eickwood rushing for 146 and Forte 131. Rolland Fuchs scored two touchdowns.

1. Texas (3-0)

2. Texas A&M (3-0) 3. SMU (2-1)

EAST

There were a number of surprises for Ivy League teams as they began the new season with four wins in eight nonconference games. Princeton's 10-7 victory over Rutgers was unexpected, as was Penn's 34-23 loss to Lehigh, its first in a 35-game series. More predictably, Brown bombed Rhode Island 41-20, Yale blasted Connecticut 35-14 and Harvard topped Holy Cross 18-7. Other league losers were Dartmouth, 7-3 to Massachusetts, Columbia, 10-7 to Lafayette, and Cornell, 24-22 to Colgate.

Villanova brought Army back down to earth with a 10-0 victory. The Cadets, who had scored 98 points in two opening victories, gained only 198 offensive yards and failed to score from six inches away. The Wildcats tallied their points in the second half after twice intercepting Leamon Hall.

West Virginia continued to show unexpected muscle by blasting Boston College 35-18. Fullback Ron Lee plunged for three touchdowns and Quarterback Dan Kendra ran and passed for 211 yards. The Eagles, who trailed 21-0 before scoring, began the game without injured Tailback Glen Carriols and finished it without injured Fullback Keith Barnette.

Carson Long kicked a school-record four field goals, all in the first half, and Tony Dorsett rushed for 142 yards and three touchdowns as Pittsburgh ripped Wabash & Mary 47-0. The winning margin was the Panthers' biggest in 38 years.

Marshall ended a 12-game losing streak by crushing Illinois State 36-3.

1. Penn State (2-1)

2. West Virginia (4-0) 3. Pittsburgh (2-1)



Winner Colm clears his spikes while his opponent, Stimac, surveys the line of his putt.

A champion is identified

Which is the USGA way of announcing that from a field of 132 players, 60-year-old William Colm survived to take its senior title

A passerby would never have known there was a national championship being decided at the Carmel Valley Golf and Country Club in northern California last week. There were no crowds, no tents, no marshals, no programs, no leaderboards, no hot-dog stands and no Goodyear blimps clattering up the clear September sky. Just 132 veteran golfers, 55 years or older with handicaps of 10 or lower, who played 36 holes at medal to pure their number to 32. The surviving 32 then played five rounds of match play to "identify," as the U.S. Golf Association likes to put it, a national senior amateur champion.

The winner, a 60-year-old grandfatherly millionaire from Pebble Beach named William F. Colm who looks like Alastair Sim and putts like Sam Snead wishes he

did, was every bit as unassuming as the event he won. When he was congratulated on the near-perfect six-iron approach he hit to the 15th green, the hole on which he closed out his final match 4 and 3 over Steve Stimac, a 60-year-old pharmacist from Walnut Creek, Calif., Colm smiled shyly and said, "I have a good pro."

From a distance, the site chosen by the USGA for its 21st Senior Amateur Championship looked like any normally busy suburban golf club during a pleasant week in the early fall. Each morning yellow electric carts driven by gray-haired men whirled along asphalt paths, past clumps of oaks and clusters of condominiums. But the bags strapped to the backs of the carts bore the tags of places as disparate as Shady Oaks in

Fort Worth, where Ben Hogan hangs out, Meadow Brook on the Long Island Gold Coast and Bethlehem Management, a steel man's fringe benefit in Hamburg, N.Y.

The oldest player in the field was Pat McDonough, 71, from the Pittsburgh Field Club. Next oldest was Merrill Carlsmith, 70, from Hilo, Hawaii, who has played in the event 14 times and won it twice. There were five former Walker Cuppers—Bill Hyndman, who won in 1973, Gene Andrews, winner in 1970, Bob Cochran, Ed Tutwiler and Dale Morey, the defending champion.

And there was Curtis Person Sr., the 65-year-old Chevrolet dealer from Memphis who won in 1968 and 1969 and held the record for low-qualifying score—143 at Toeson National in 1966—until Hyndman tied it last week. At Carmel Valley, however, Person shot an 89 in the second round and failed to qualify. "The worst day I ever had in my life," he moaned as he headed home. "You have a short life-span in the seniors. Mine just ran out."

Nobody believed him, of course. Person is indefatigable. He will play in the Memphis Seniors this week, the Chick Evans in Chicago after that and the International Seniors at Pine Valley in mid-October.

A player who did not qualify but played anyway and reached the quarterfinals was a USGA vice-president, Frank (Sandy) Tatum Jr. Tatum is a San Francisco lawyer, a former NCAA golf champion from Stanford (1942) and a Rhodes Scholar who, in 1948, captained Oxford's golf team to its first victory over Cambridge in 20 years. (Why six years between competitions? "Oxford redshirted him," said his friend Frank Hannigan, the USGA tournament director.) Tatum is a one handicapper who turned 55 this year. He attempted to qualify seasonally in Southern California in September but tied for the last spot in the section and then lost in a five-way sudden-death playoff.

Tatum was playing Cypress Point the Sunday afternoon before the tournament began when he received a call from Han-

continued



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nigan. A New Orleans golfer had withdrawn with a leg injury after two practice rounds, said Hannigan. Neither the New Orleans alternates nor alternates from St. Louis, Wisconsin and New York, the next three regions on Hannigan's realignment roster, could get themselves to the Monterey Peninsula in time for a 9:09 a.m. tee-off. The next man on the list was the Los Angeles alternate who could have made it on time, but who could not be found. So that left Tatum. Shooting rounds of 77 and 76, he made it through medal play to the final 32. "Now he's impossible," said Hannigan.

Tatum, who bristles with energy and suffers with gusto when his game turns on him, won his first two matches but was finally eliminated by a three-star general, Keith Compton (USAF Ret.), from Fort Worth. Compton eats lunch every Thursday with Ben Hogan at Shady Oaks and he looks at the hole, not the ball, when he puts, a practice his friend Hogan finds esthetically discomfiting.

It is foolhardy to bet the favorites in a match-play tournament and the Seniors was no exception. Long-hitting Ed Tutwiler of Indianapolis, "the biggest Cadillac dealer in the Midwest," was the early choice. He was knocked off on the 20th hole of his first-round match by George Swift of Columbus, Ga. Dale Morey was out jogging the course at dawn each day, but he couldn't do anything about the hot putter of Henry Edwards of Oklahoma City, his first-round opponent. "He sank five putts from over 30 feet," Morey moaned. "And two of them were from off the green." Hyndman, who hits 200 golf balls a day on the practice tee of the Huntingdon Valley Country Club outside Philadelphia—and that doesn't count the time he spends chipping and putting—won his first match easily, then lost to Bob Cochran of St. Louis, 2 and 1, in the second round. Cochran fell to the eventual runner-up, Stimac, on the first extra hole of their quarter-final match, and that was the end of the name players.

There was some grumbling among the losers that the course was too short, that its emphasis on accurate iron play and putting was what brought the best players back to the field.

"I'm not buying," said Hannigan. "I think the field is much deeper in pretty good or quality players than it was five

or 10 years ago." Cochran did not buy the excuse, either. "It's a good course for the seniors," he said. "The more you play it the more you realize it's harder than it looks. It takes all the shots and the greens are slick and fast and hard to read."

The final match was far from the best golf of the tournament, particularly on the front nine, but the confrontation of the two 60-year-old northern California golfers, the retired oil man and the working pharmacist, Stanford '36 vs. Cal '37, was sociologically satisfying. Both men bogeyed two of the first three holes, and though Colm began to settle down after that and made the turn two over par, Stimac bogeyed four more and was four down after nine. "I had been butchering the first nine all week," said Stimac later. "I felt I had to get even if I was to have any chance of winning. But he was too steady."

The gallery of 46 people, eight carts, two bicycles and a poodle that set out in the early morning fog with the finalists swelled as the day grew warmer. Riding with Colm as his caddy was Ernie Pieper (pronounced peeper), a pear rancher whose long and illustrious career in California amateur golf includes victories in the Santa Clara County championship in six—count 'em, six—different decades. Stimac's caddy was Morgan Barofsky, a pal from Walnut Creek, who paired with George Bayer to tie for first in the 1965 Bing Crosby Pro-Am at Pebble Beach. As Stimac began to run out of holes on the back nine, Barofsky cursed the Fates that kept his friend's long birdie putts from falling and looked as though he might cry.

The pair halved the first four holes on the back nine, paring every one. On the 14th, a par-3 with an elevated tee and a pond to the right of the green that is inhabited by a flock of perpetually angry geese, Stimac, who was four down with five to go, missed a long birdie putt. But Colm, whose putting had been commendably steady since the early holes, missed a six-footer for par. Stimac was still alive, if barely. Then on the 15th, a 363-yard dogleg par-4, Colm hit the beautiful six-iron approach that slammed the door. When he sank the final putt, he modestly touched the bill of his black-and-white checked cap as his friends and neighbors applauded. A new champion had been identified.

END



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Quebec is a city that seems to specialize in the unexpected. On the radio a Charles Aznavour-style singer imitates the Big Bopper doing the '50s hit *Chastity Lace*. His rendition is complete with U.S. snorts and groans, but he sings it in a French most Parisians could not understand. Out in the suburbs U.S.-style shopping centers are selling English shoes and French soap, and in the Old City, with its fort and other remnants of the 18th century, teens roam in the latest *rive gauche* fashions. But the most surprising thing of all last week in Quebec happened at the Colisee, best known as the home of the WHA's Nordiques. There, two games of the National Lacrosse League's best-of-seven Nations Trophy finals were played. That the local Caribous were involved in the NLL's championship series was absolutely unexpected. And they not only were fighting the Montreal Quebecois for the title, but, even more surprisingly, they were getting the better of the battle, at least for the moment.

Pro lacrosse is so rough that the Dirty Dozen would have been a more likely candidate for the finals than the Caribous. Quebec had spent more than half of the NLL season being pushed around by the league's live other teams. As late as Aug. 25 the Caribous were in last place; then a dramatic drive (they won six of their last eight games) qualified

It was provincial indeed

With the Caribous on hand, the NLL finals became an all-Quebec affair

them for the fourth and final spot in the playoffs. That achievement was followed by a startling victory in the first round over the defending champion Long Island Tomahawks. Quebec knocked off the Tomahawks in six games, rather easily taking its four victories by scores of 10-8, 14-9, 15-11 and 18-12.

Meanwhile, Montreal, one of the NLL's front-runners throughout the season, was defeating the Boston Bolts in the other first-round pairing to make the finals an intra-province affair. But in the tightly balanced NLL, not even classy Montreal could ease into the title round. It had to rally from a 3-1 deficit against the Bolts to make it.

Despite all these theatrical prelimi-

naries, the thing that surprised the *équipe de crosse* fans in the Quebec bistros was the status of the Nations Trophy series when it arrived in their city. Brilliant play by Travis Cook, who scored eight points in the opening two games in Montreal, and Goale Larry Smeltzer, who made 81 saves, and Coach Medo Martinello's modified zone defense had thrust Quebec into another unexpected position—a 2-0 lead.

For the members of the SRO crowd of 10,781 that gathered at the Colisee for the third game, any lead, any time over Montreal is worth savoring. The two cities have been rivals for generations; the sophisticated, Continental aura of Montreal and the chain-saw, Lucky Pierre image of Quebec go together like '52 Lafite Rothschild and a Bug Mac.

And the two teams reflect their cities' images: Montreal is a well-drilled, fast-breaking club, light on violence and strong on controlled power plays. The Caribous are rough, individual and ever ready to drop their gloves. Even Quebec's rink fits its team. The Colisee is battered and dim, the walls scarred by objects thrown by emotional fans.

An hour before the opening face-off of Game 3, a Montreal reporter appeared with a bandaged forehead that was wounded while he was trying to enter the arena through enemy lines. By the time the game was over, he would not be the

enforcer



CARIBOU GEOGRAPHER COOK FINDS A GAP AND FIRES FOR ONE OF HIS FOUR GAME 3 GOALS

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CLOSE-IN SHOOTING BY MONTREAL SENOS GOALIE SMELTZER SWOONING IN GAME 4

only visitor who felt worse for wear. Despite a three-goal performance by Montreal's star forward John Davis, the Caribous won 10-8. And again it was Smeltzer, with 34 saves, and Cook, with four goals and a pair of assists, who led the way.

After that victory, the cry in Quebec was "Invincibles, *ex Caribous*!" Rather than its usual state of simple surprise, the city now was in shock. How could August's last-place team be 60 minutes from the Nations Trophy and four straight victories over Montreal?

Among the reasons were midsummer trades that brought Defenseman Rick Bisson, Forward Brian Wilson, Forward Gord Ouchuk and Defenseman Jim Gow to the Caribous. Another was a visit one evening in August to the Caribou cellar locker room by Owner Roger Barre, a Quebec auto dealer. Says Bisson Coach Jim Logan, "No one knows what Roger said in there, but I'll bet it had more to do with getting paid than it did with winning one for the Gipper."

At practice on the day of Game 4, the Caribous confidently goofed off. "Hey, there's a party tonight and you're invited," yelled Bisson to a league official. "Four days of lacrosse, five days of beer!" Coach Martinello was less quick to quaff. "I feel sick," he said, rubbing his stomach.

Insisting that his malaise was the flu, not pressure, Martinello was cautious.

"Boston had the champagne on ice three times during the semifinals, but in the end Montreal drank," he said.

"I think we can take them, but it won't be easy," said Quebec's hero of the finals, Goalie Smeltzer, showing considerable proficiency at stock answers, despite the infrequency of his contacts with the press. As a leading contender for the MVP award in the Nations Trophy series, Smeltzer was a sudden celebrity. That indeed is a rare circumstance in a league where player salaries average \$11,000 and the dress code runs to Levi's and Earth shoes.

After receiving a standing ovation before the third game, Smeltzer plainly had been awed. "Gosh, I come from Fergus, Ontario, population 5,000," he said. "There were more people sitting behind the goal than in my hometown." During the off-season, Smeltzer stays in shape by working in the family business, barn building, but when he discusses goaltending it is clear he is no farm boy. "Lacrosse goalies are a combination of a lot of things," he says. "You've got to have the reflexes of a racing driver and the skill of a hockey goalie. Sometimes you've got to be like a football quarterback implementing plays, and other times you've got to be like a linchpin ending them."

Smeltzer's teammate Cook, a 6'3", 200-pound Mohawk Indian from the St. Regis reservation, Cornwall, Ontario is more sophisticated about fame, perhaps

because he is a college man. He says, "I want a career in lacrosse. I'm a geography major at Oswego State in New York, and there aren't many jobs available for geographers. If we beat Montreal, that oughta do it for me."

While the Caribous idled through their workout and chatted with onlookers alongside the playing surface, a lone figure in a hat and overcoat sat up in the dark Colisee and watched. He was Montreal Coach Jim Bisson.

That night another sell-out crowd discovered that Bisson's spectating had been profitable. He had his tightly controlled offense press deeper against Quebec's zone defense, pushing the Caribous behind their penalty-shot line. Davis, the Henry Aaron of lacrosse at 31, contributed four more points and Montreal won 13-8.

After the loss the fans vehemently announced certain suspicions to NHL Commissioner Gerry Patterson, who was sitting among them. "This is a list!" yelled one enraged man. "You just want the revenue from Game 5!" Patterson wiped his forehead and slipped away, carrying the silver Nations Trophy in a cardboard box back to his car. "You know, we had a hall and a band hired," lamented Caribou Owner Barre. "Now I don't know what to do."

What there was to do was pack up and catch the bus to Montreal for Game 5 two nights later. At 5:30 that afternoon Smeltzer was playing a pinball machine in a diner near the Forum. "I don't like to get to the dressing room too early," he said. By 10:30 he wished he had not been there at all. Montreal put together a near replay of Game 4. Light, agile, its power play working well, it swept the angry, flailing Caribous off the boards in a 12-8 victory.

In spite of Montreal's two fine efforts, the Caribous still had a 3-2 lead going into this week's final pair of games. And Montreal fans were aware that even with their team's game back in form, another come-from-behind series win seemed unlikely. As Commissioner Patterson once more lugged the Nations Trophy out to his car, Montreal Owner Nelson Stoll stared wistfully after it. "I know we have the better team," he said. "Quebec is playing over its head, but that doesn't mean a thing in lacrosse. It doesn't mean we'll win." Especially not when you consider how Quebec has been thriving on the unexpected lately. **END**

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Those closest to Forego call him "Big Joe" and hand-feed him shod apples and pears, while people who try to make a living by running their horses against him say he is a "monster who devours other horses." As the month just past proves, Forego is an extraordinary horse. At Belmont on Sept. 1 the 5-year-old gelding was beaten in the Governor while grang Wajima and Polish Pleasure, the two best 3-year-olds in training, 19 and nine pounds, respectively. Then came two excellent races at Belmont over "wet-fast" tracks which, because he is a huge horse, put him at a disadvantage. On Sept. 13 he lost the Marlboro Cup to Wajima by a feisty head. And last Saturday in the \$108,200 Woodward Stakes, he won handsomely over Wajima, showing more than enough over the 1½ miles to convince many people that, come January, he will be named Horse of the Year for the second straight time.

But only Forego would win a Woodward on the very day that the one remaining baseball pennant race absorbing sports fans was being decided. Pity poor Forego—it is his fate to do the right things at the wrong times.

It seems inexplicable that Forego's records and reputation are so little known beyond thoroughbred racing's tight little community. One explanation is that his owner, Mrs. Martha Gerry, and trainer, Sherrill Ward, are "low-key people." Nonsense. Forego's problem is timing, and has been for three years. When he was foaled, Forego was so "outsized" that he never raced as a 2-year-old. That hurt him from the start because a majestic piece of work named Secretariat was begun the same year he was. As 3-year-olds they met only once, in the Kentucky Derby, when Forego slugged into the rail entering the stretch and finished fourth. Five weeks later Forego won an allowance race at Belmont by nine lengths—the largest margin of his career. Penny Tweedy, Secretariat's owner, was at the track and was one of the first to congratulate Mrs. Gerry. "What a terrific race," Mrs. Tweedy said. "What a fine horse." Thirty minutes later Secretariat became the first Triple Crown winner in 25 years by winning the Belmont

Forego makes it foregone



—or almost: his selection, that is, as Horse of the Year, by drubbing Wajima in the Woodward. And he did it, naturally, in partial Eclipse

Stakes by 31 lengths. The reverberations of Forego's fine win traveled approximately 300 yards—or as far as the backstretch at Belmont.

Since that afternoon Forego has run 30 races, won 19 of them and earned \$1.1 million. But his sense of timing has been consistently dismal. On Nov. 25, 1973 he ran in the Roamer Handicap at Aqueduct, and galloped home first by five lengths. The man who presented the trophy in the winner's circle that day was Trainer Hollie Hughes. "This horse," said Hughes, "is a better horse than Roamer." People listen to Mr. Hughes because he has seen a horse or two in his 87 years, 71 of them around racetracks. Roamer, Find, Armed, Exterminator and Kelso are generally considered the finest geldings ever to race and when Hughes compared a first-time stakes winner to Roamer it should have meant something. But that same afternoon, Ohio State and Michigan played to a tie,

which forced a dramatic and controversial vote to determine which of the two teams would go to the Rose Bowl. The result of that dispute was that you had to look for news of Forego's Roamer victory in the recesses of the Sunday papers.

Consider these other moments in Forego's career. He won the 1974 Wadener Handicap the same day that UCLA got bumped from the NCAA basketball finals for the first time in eight years; the Carter 10 minutes before long shot Little Current won the Preakness, his first Woodward on a day Nolan Ryan pitched a no-hitter; the Jockey Club Gold Cup on the November afternoon when Michigan State beat Ohio State in one of college football's biggest upsets.

This year only names and events were changed. Forego won the Seminole Handicap while most of the rest of the country was absorbed in the upcoming Jimmy Connors-Rod Laver duel in Las Vegas. His second Carter win was shad-

continued

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She was all there was to cheer about in 1932 with the nation locked in the Great Depression—a bumpkin and a braggart out of a Texas trolley-barn playground. And those glorious feats at the Olympic Games were just the beginning for . . .

BALBE

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON and NANCY WILLIAMSON



CONTINUED

BABE continues



In the morning of Aug. 11, 1932 permission was given for the mail plane to dip low on the way in from Fort Worth and circle downtown Dallas. As soon as the plane was sighted, sirens and whistles began screaming across the city, signaling her return to Texas. Ten thousand people were waiting for her at Love Field. Her hometown newspaper, the *Beaumont Journal*, ran a five-column headline on page one reading: BABE, HERALDING LIKE LINDBERGH OR BIG DIRIGIBLE AKRON, PLANTS INTO TEXAS IN SAILOR PANTS CARRYING THREE JAVELINS.

The lead paragraph said: "With her progress ticked off on press wires as if she were Lindbergh, the Prince of Wales or the dirigible Akron, Babe Didrikson, the 19-year-old Beaumont girl who went, saw and conquered the world of athletics at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, arrived over Texas soil by airplane Thursday morning."

The morning paper at Beaumont, the *Enterprise*, proclaimed: WORLD-FAMOUS BABE IS GIVEN TUMULTUOUS DALLAS WELCOME AMID TICKER TAPE SHOWERS—She Tells of Having Picture Taken With Clark Gable.

A dozen bands marched in her parade. A battalion of courthouse kingfish, Chamber of Commerce boosters and what the papers reverently called "society matrons" turned out to shake her hand. When Babe Didrikson emerged from the mail plane, she clasped her hands over her head like a prizefighter. She wore a jaunty sailor cap on her chopped-off chestnut hair, a shirt with the U.S. Olympic emblem and flaring, baggy beach pants. The Dallas police department band struck up *Hail to the Chief*. A sweating dignitary in a wilting white suit introduced her as "the Jim Thorpe of modern women athletes." The crowd cheered.

Babe Didrikson was tanned and slender and looked very strong; her blue eyes were cool. There was a lithe, unconscious arrogance in her walk. To see her this jubilant summer morning one could not doubt that in her mind she believed that if Jim Thorpe were being introduced somewhere that day, the only proper way to do it would be to call him "the Babe Didrikson of modern male athletes." Babe Didrikson reacted to the immense Dallas reception with aplomb. No wiggles, no giggles. When a reporter asked her if she had anything to say, she replied, "I want to say hello, that's all." The crowd applauded this. Someone asked Babe about her future and she said, "I am definitely going to enter the national golf tournament for women in Massachusetts next month and, what's more, I believe I'll win it. I can outdrive most women golfers now and I've only played 10 rounds of golf in my life." The crowd shouted at this, too.

Then Babe grinned and told the assemblage that she had hoped to play golf with Will Rogers in Los Angeles, but when he appeared at the course, he was so overwhelmed by her prowess that "he wouldn't do nothing but caddy for me." The crowd roared with laughter. Someone asked her why in tarnation she was carrying three javelins. Babe said, "Well, I got even with somebody. I took one ducus out there and somebody hooked it, so I swung onto these three javelins. I come out ahead." The crowd guffawed at this, too.

People were feeling good this Texas morning. Not many had been so close to an airplane before. Even fewer had stood so near a legend.

She has been dead 19 years now. On the September morning in 1956 when she died of cancer, President Eisenhower opened a press conference at the White House by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to take one minute to pay a tribute to Mrs. Zaharous, Babe Didrikson. She was a woman who in her athletic career certainly won the admiration of every person in the United States, all sports people over the world. . . ." There was scarcely a newspaper in the U.S. that did not carry her obituary on the front page. She had been known as the greatest woman athlete of modern times. Some even believed her to be the greatest athlete of all mankind for

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LUCIEN

all time. Some still claim that is so.

Statistics form the spine of the legend of Babe Didrikson Zaharias. She was an All-America basketball player in 1930, 1931 and 1932 and led her team to a national championship in 1931. She often made 30 points a game in an era when 20 points for an entire team was a normal score. Between 1930 and 1932 she held American, Olympic or world records in five separate track and field events: the 80-meter hurdles (11.7 seconds), javelin (143' 4"), high jump (5' 5 1/4"), broad jump (18' 8 1/2"), baseball throw (272' 2"), a record she still holds). On July 16, 1932, at the national AAU track meet for women, Babe Didrikson was the sole member of the Employers Casualty Company team from Dallas, the Golden Cyclones. She entered eight of 10 events, competing against a field of more than 200 women on teams with at least 15 members each. Babe won five events outright (javelin, hurdles, shotput, broad jump and baseball throw), tied for first in the high jump and finished fourth in the discus. The lone Golden Cyclone scored 30 points, easily defeating the runner-up Illinois Women's Athletic Club team, which had 22 members who totaled 22 points. In the 1932 Olympics she won gold medals in the hurdles and the javelin, setting world records in both events, and she tied for first with another world-record performance in the high jump (although she was given the silver medal because officials ruled she "dived" illegally in her last successful jump).

In Dallas she was an all-star softball player; later she pitched for the itinerant bearded baseball team of the House of David and she appeared in major league exhibition games, pitching for the St. Louis Cardinals, the Philadelphia Athletics and the Cleveland Indians. She won 82 significant golf tournaments, pro and amateur. She once won a record 17 consecutive tournaments, capping that string in 1947 by becoming the first American to win the British Ladies' Amateur Championship. In 1954, only 15 months after she had undergone radical surgery for cancer of the rectum, she won the U.S. Women's Open at Peabody Country Club in Salem, Mass. by a record margin, 12 shots. She bowled to a 200 average as a teen-ager. She could roller-skate, sail, fly-cast, shoot pool, play tennis, play marbles, play volleyball,

swim very close to world-record times in short distances, dive well enough to win municipal championships and even sew well enough to win second prize at an East Texas fair for a dress she made. In 1950, the Associated Press picked her as Woman Athlete of the Half-Century (Jim Thorpe was the male).

So eager have people been to magnify the legend that they insist—gasp! truth—that she somehow managed to excel at a lunatic potpourri of sports, including canoeing, croquet, archery, skeet shooting, even polo. They swear Babe Didrikson shot a 91 the first day she ever handled a golf club, that she once scored 99 points (47 field goals, five free throws) in a high school basketball game, that she bowled 193 after five minutes of instruction. People *swear* these things are true, although they are not. Sports statistician-historian Frank G. Menke came up with the shimmering statistic that as an amateur Babe Didrikson Zaharias entered 634 competitions and emerged victorious in 632 of them. This, too, is loving balderdash, but it is the measure of her real accomplishments that people do not doubt such things are true.

If statistics provide the spine of the legend, then its soul is made of memories. These are warm and inexact, a bit surrealistic perhaps. There is an immense vitality in the recollections of those who personally knew Babe. To them she is still a strong and springy young woman, full of foolishness and pranks, of braggadocio and stonewall determination. The contrast between the Babe they remember and their own changed looks and lives today can be startling, even sad.

Babe's dearest sister, Mrs. O. B. Grimes (Lillie Didrikson), is now 66, widowed, and for 40 years has resided in a white bungalow set on cement blocks on Roberts Street in Beaumont. Lillie is plump, gray-haired, bespectacled, occasionally absentminded, anxious because "the colored's movin' in over back and sometimes I'm scared." Her glasses cloud and she wipes her eyes fairly often when she speaks of Babe. "You know what she loved more'n almost anythin'?" Radin' on the Ferris wheel. Oh, my, we would ride 'em by the hour, Babe and me. That was after she come into money; we couldn't afford rides before. But, oh, how that girl would work for things she wanted. When I was livin' with her in Dallas, I wasn't but 20, 21, I don't think, and she was

two years younger'n me, she was just learnin' golf. Babe, she'd hit and hit the balls until she had to put tape over her hands, they was so tore up, but Babe wouldn't stop. I'd be out there with her and I'd be so hungry, it'd be gettin' dark, and I'd beg Babe to go in, but she'd say, 'No, I got to hit just a few more, Lillie.' And she'd hit 'em so far and she'd ask me where they went and I'd say, 'Babe, I don't know where. It's dark. I ain't no Indian, Babe.'"

Babe's husband, George Zaharias, was once an exuberant giant who won a certain fame of his own as a villainous wrestler who would turn so cowardly when his acts of transparent treachery were discovered that he was booted as The Weeping Greek from Cripple Creek. Today George Zaharias is feeble, confined to bed or wheelchair in a small house in Tampa. He is crippled from a massive stroke, a new pacemaker was recently installed, his eyesight is fading.

George Zaharias seems to revive when he talks of his late wife. They first met in 1938 at a golf tournament in Los Angeles. "It was a beautiful sunny day and we teed off early in the morning. She was in a light brown sweater and a pleated skirt with pockets. We didn't shake hands or anything. I put my arms around her in a wrestling hold for the photographers. She said, 'This is great.' I said, 'You're mine, you know that.' She said, 'That's right.' We teed off and we chatted during the round, you know, athlete to athlete, and we really got along. I finished with an 80, she had an 81. I told her, 'you're eating dinner with me tonight and we did. She loved champagne. She liked it all sugged up, and she'd stir it around and stir it around until she got the champagne to sing. We got engaged but we never found time to get married. I kept telling her it would only take five minutes. We were living together in St. Louis and finally I said, 'Babe, we can't go on like this. You're too famous for us to be living together.' So we got married just before Christmas in 1938."

Ruth Garrison Francis Scurlcock, 81, was a pretty young English teacher at Beaumont High School when Babe was a student in the 1920s. Ruth Scurlcock knew Babe well then and even better in later years, for her husband, the late Bill (Tim) Scurlcock, who weighed 300 pounds, was the sports editor of the Beaumont Journal and Babe Didrikson

continued

BABE continued

was Tiny's sports-page protégé. Ruth Scarfolet gets about on two canes now in her spacious Beaumont home. She is a cultured, articulate woman who has collected many shelves of books on Texas history. As she speaks about Babe, ceiling fans spin slowly to make a breeze in the heat of the night. "Babe came to dinner here at our home one time and she parked a magnificent long tan Auburn in our driveway. It was a gleaming thing with exhaust pipes outside the hood. The children in the neighborhood heard she was here and gathered outside, chattering and rubbing the fenders of the car as if it were some kind of idol. They kept clamoring for Babe to come out and after dinner she did. That woman spent two hours with those children, teaching them how to hold their bats, their rackets, their golf clubs. She was there with them till dark. The next day she left for a tournament somewhere in Arkansas. She loved to drive fast and just across the Texas line she hit an old man coming out of his driveway in a wagon. She killed him, I think. There was some litigation over it, but Babe had good lawyers and she got out of it all right."

Peggy Kirk Bell, 53, was one of Babe's friends on the golf tour. She remains a fine golfer, and with her husband Warren owns Pine Needles, a Southern Pines (N.C.) country club. Peggy first met Babe at a golf tournament in 1945. "I was so excited, here I was going to meet Didrikson, the great track star. Well, she looked pretty tough to me. Then after the first round, we met in the locker room and Babe said, 'Come on, kid, I'll play you some gin rummy.' I said I didn't know how and she said, 'That's O.K., I'll show you.' The next thing I know, she is madly adding up something on a piece of paper and she informs me that the game is over and I owe her \$12. For years I teased Babe about how she hustled a green kid out of \$12. She always said, 'Oh, I never did that.' But she did. She was always entertaining us, and always laughing. We'd sit down to eat, she'd balance a spoon on her hand, whack it and jump it into a glass. When she was dying in Galveston, I went to visit her and she said, 'See that Coke bottle over there?' And she flipped a cigarette into it. Impossible. She was always doing the impossible. If she missed, no one remembered. But when she made it work, it became legend."

Wherever she went, Babe made the champagne sing and the children laugh. She was a hustler, a bit of a huckster, too, and if she made the tales about herself a little taller than the truth in the interest of enlarging the legend, who cared?

She was born Mildred Ella Didrikson in Port Arthur, Texas, on June 26, 1911. The year of her birth was something she obscured. Today the obfuscation is evident at the very edge of her grave. On her tombstone, carved in marble, it says her life-span was 1911 to 1956. On an official Texas historical marker, stamped in steel, at the entrance to the plot, it says the year of her birth was 1914. This is the date she gives in her autobiography. On the official application form to enter the 1932 Olympics she wrote 1913 in a penciled girlish scrawl. By the early '50s she was claiming to have been born in 1915. And once on a visa application she declared the year to be 1919. There is no birth certificate on file at the Jefferson County courthouse in Beaumont, but a baptismal certificate indicates that the correct date is 1911.

Thus Didrikson was not 19 but 21 when she became the gold-medal darling of the 1932 Olympics. There is a small, but somewhat diminishing difference between being a bouncing teen-ager and a legal adult performing the wonders she did. But no matter. There is also a discrepancy in the fact that she always spelled her last name with an "s-o-n" while her parents and three sisters and two of her three brothers spelled the family name "s-e-n." That does not matter, either.

Her parents, Ole and Hannah Didrikson, emigrated from Norway. He was a small, wiry seaman, a ship's carpenter who had sailed around Cape Horn 19 times before he took to land for good. To the disappointment of his wife, he chose to settle in the dank Gulf Coast town of Port Arthur. The reason, he told a surprised reporter years later, was "I liked the climate." The area was a fetid, semitropical plain, littered with the steel of a booming oil-drilling industry. The first three Didrikson children had been born in Norway. Twins, Lillie and Louis, were born in Port Arthur in 1909, then Babe, then in 1915 the seventh and last child, a son. This boy was named Arthur Storm because on the day of his birth a hurricane devastated the Gulf Coast, kill-

ing 275 people. It also destroyed the Didrikson home, and the family moved to Beaumont, 17 miles away, no garden spot either. They settled on Doucette, a shabby street with a trolley-car line down the center and an assortment of bungalows along each side. Some of the houses were owned by Beaumont's largest industrial complex, the Magnolia oil refinery, which sprawled at one end of Doucette Street (the other end was bounded by railroad tracks). It was a tough neighborhood of rednecks and roughnecks, nearly everyone employed by "The Magnolia." Ole Didrikson was not; he picked up odd jobs, refinishing furniture for "the rich," working at construction. In his house he installed beautiful built-in cabinets, a mantel and a breezy, many-windowed sun porch. Ole was good at his craft, though he never made much money. He was no great shakes at sports. His favorite admonition to his children was: "Get plenty of exercise and keep your bowels clear."

To hear Lillie tell it, life on Doucette was endless summertime, full of sun and games and mischief. "We was always roller-skatin', always jumpin' and runnin', we had a trapeze and circus stuff hangin' in a tree in back. We didn't never play dolls, not that I can remember. I could run faster'n Babe when we was kids, but I couldn't never jump over hedges like she done. She used to practice hardin' the hedges on Doucette, but I couldn't get it right." There was music in the Didrikson home. Hannah sang, a couple of sisters played the piano. Ole played the fiddle after a fashion ("Well, Poppa, he knew one song real good, I know that," says Lillie) and Babe was a wizard on the harmonica. She had mastered the instrument as a child after listening to a local radio program starring a mouth organ maestro named Castor Oil Clarence.

The Didrikson house still stands, sturdy and tight as the day Ole Didrikson left it, but it has not been painted in decades. The neighborhood has a listlessness about it, weeds grow long in the sidewalk cracks. The refinery (now one of Mobil's) is still operating, the trolley tracks are gone. Doucette has become part of a section some people call Nigger Town. The family living in Babe's old home is named Gibbs, and Mrs. Mildred Gibbs is a well-spoken woman who was recently willing, though not enthusiastic,

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BABE continued

about showing Lillie around the place. Mrs. Gibbs says her family had not known this was the childhood home of Babe Didrikson Zaharias until a year or two after they moved in. "I have made certain my children know who lived here before them," she says. "It's really a historic place. But I doubt if anyone else in the neighborhood is aware of it." Ote Didrikson's cabinetwork is still in evidence. His cheerful sun porch still welcomes the breeze. Lillie fondly touched the woodwork and walls during her visit. "Oh, my, I feel they're all still here—Poppa and Babe and my Mama," she said.

At the 1932 Olympics Babe said, "People think it is a little strange that I do not seem to be worried or nervous before I run a race. Why should I be that way? All I'm doing is running against girls." She went on to advise any girl who "wants to become an athlete and do some winning" to play against boys so she becomes accustomed to being "smashed around." She said, "The only real first-class advice I can give on how girls can be better athletes is get toughened up playing boys' games but *don't* get tough. There's a lot of difference there."

Whether Babe Didrikson was truly tough or merely toughened, she cut a hard-knuckled swath through much of her childhood and adolescence. She was in endless playground fights, daring kids to step over lines scratched in the dirt, punching people in the arm "to make a knot," pinching, kicking, stepping on heels. Once, in high school, a football player named Red Reynolds stuck out his chin and told Babe that he doubted she could hurt him. She punched him and he dropped to the floor, senseless as a stone. The nature of Beaumont's South End had a lot to do with developing her talent and creating her temperament. People either clawed their way up and out of the neighborhood, or they spent their lives working at "The Magnolia" or the fig-packing plant or the gunnysack factory.

One of Babe's earliest pals, and frequent opponents, was Raymond Alford, a South Ender who grew up to be a local sports hero and later was the dynamic athletic director of the city school system. Alford recalls those early days in the South End: "We went barefoot all the time and some of us never did have

continued

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BABE continued

shoes, I guess. Everyone was poor, not on relief, but poor. We used to play every sport known to man up in the trolley-barn lot. Babe was the only girl who'd play with us—who we'd *let* play. She wasn't hangin' around bein' the last to be chosen. No, sir. Babe was picked among the first. We started out by playin' her in right field, where you always put the weakest ones, you know. She didn't stay there long. We played every day, all day. Babe wanted to excel, to win, to beat us boys. I don't know now if that was because she was against men, or if she was simply against the idea of bein' feminine.

I knew that winnin' in sports was the only way I had of bein' recognized. That was one of the few ways to get ahead. I thought I could get to be a little like the rich people if I was good at sports. Like the dances at school; most people who would go so them had cars to drive and suits to wear. If you were an athlete, you could hobnob with 'em even if you were poor. Sports was a way to be equal; it was the same as for the blacks in the '50s and '60s."

It is doubtful Babe was trying to use sports as a social vehicle on those days. In the Beaumont High School yearbook, *The Pine Burr*, of 1928, 1929 and 1930, she appears in photo after photo of athletic teams as a squinty, pugnacious kid with straight hair and severe bangs, dressed (if not in a team uniform) in a formless cotton frock, sagging socks, flat shoes. She never wore jewelry, abhorred makeup, didn't own a pair of silk stockings or a girdle—and probably not a brassiere either. All her aspirations had to do with athletics.

At the opposite extreme was a group called The Kackler Club. In *The Pine Burr* they are pictured together, a demure and passive group that symbolized the popular posture of girls toward sports in the 1920s, sideline princesses. In one yearbook was written, "Athletes are our favorite boys. The real aim of this club is to provide adequate entertainment for our athletes and to do everything possible to the furtherance of sportsmanlike athletic activities."

Babe's behavior was an aberration in those times. Ruth Scurlock remembers that "Babe's excellence at sports made her unacceptable to other girls. And these

frothy girls, in her eyes, were simply not useful. Babe was bucking society even then."

Babe Didrikson's physical-education instructor in Beaumont was Beatrice Lytle, then in her first year or two of teaching. Now Bea Lytle is 75, bouncy as ever, retired after almost 50 years on the job. Over that half century, she says, she never saw anyone like Babe. "I can still remember how her muscles flowed when she walked. She had a neuromuscular coordination that is very, very rare—not one of the 12,000 girls I coached after that possessed it. She was the most teachable person I have ever known. You could explain to her the rudiments and the rules and she could play the game." Miss Lytle introduced her to golf when Babe was a freshman. "I'd let her use my clubs and caddy for me Saturdays at the municipal course," she says. "It was a horrible place, a pasture. There were lots of snakes, the greens were sand. Those stories about her driving the ball 250 yards the first time she swung a club are incorrect, of course. She could outdrive me after a while, but it took quite a few rounds." Did Bea Lytle remember the first shot Babe Didrikson ever made with a golf club? "No, no, I don't. All I know is that she didn't *miss* it . . . and that's not so bad, is it?"

Basketball was Babe's showcase during her school years. She was a quick,

cocky player whose team, the Miss Royal Purples of Beaumont, was never beaten. It was at a high school basketball game in Houston in 1930 that she attracted the notice of Colonel Melvin Jackson McCombs, who was responsible for bringing her to national attention. His Army days over, the colonel had become manager of the Department of Safety for the Employers Casualty Company of Dallas, an insurance firm that specialized in cyclone and accident insurance. McCombs had been a fine athlete in college and sports, not safety, was his interest. He ran a women's athletic program for Employers Casualty. This was not merely a recreational outlet for working girls, but a high-powered and high-priced corporate operation, its main purpose being to generate publicity for the company through the feats of its women's teams. There were dozens of such semiprofessional corporate teams, sponsored chiefly by oil companies and insurance companies. They existed all over the country, though they were strongest in the Midwest and South. They formed the core of the AAU competitive network for women then, and McCombs' Employers Casualty team, the Golden Cyclones, had finished second in the AAU national basketball tournament in 1929. No sooner did McCombs see Babe in action than he was tapping at the door of the Beaumont locker room, ready with an offer of \$75 a month for her to drop school and go to work as a stenographer in Dallas for his employer.

This was truly the big time to Texas schoolgirls who played basketball, tantamount to being discovered in the junior class play and signed by Paramount Pictures. Thelma Hughes, a member of the Beaumont team, later told a reporter of the night the colonel bid for Babe. "The rest of us were excited. But after the game, up in our rooms in the Rice Hotel, Babe didn't seem to be thinking about the offer she had. She was too busy leaning out the window trying to see how many people walking by on the sidewalk she could spit at and hit on the head."

The Didrikson family argued at length as to whether she should leave Beaumont. Babe would, of course, be sending money home (\$45 of the \$75, Babe recalled years later). They needed that, all right. Sister Lillie remembers the con-





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BABE continued

fusion: "Babe wanted to go in the worst way. Finally, Poppa said, 'Godommit! You go!' They decided that's what they come from Norway for. Poppa wanted to give the kids ever'thin' he could in America, ever' opportunity, you know?"

The 2½ years Babe spent in Dallas under the auspices of Colonel McCombs and Employers Casualty were to be the most important in her development as an athlete. Babe was 18 when she left the trolley-barn playground. No one but her school chums and a few especially interested people like Tiny Scurlock of the *Journal* had really noticed her. In Dallas the insurance company coddled her ego and polished her prowess and she blossomed athletically. She also developed a finely tuned appreciation for one of the more subtle realities of sports stardom: getting your name in the paper. From Dallas she began writing a revealing series of letters to Tiny Scurlock about her progress with the Golden Cyclones and her relations with the press. In these one can trace the development of her own sense of values.

She had left Beaumont High School on Feb. 17, 1930; her first letter to Tiny was dated two days later. It was written in a vigorous, immature scrawl and her exuberance shone almost as brightly as her innocence. "Dear Tiny: Played my first game last nigh [sic] the 18, and I never before practice with them and they say that I was the girl that they have been looking for. They put me to start and kept me in untill the finish. Tiny I am a working girl and have got to get busy. Please keep this write up for me please, or send it back when you get a chance. Thanks so much Babe." She included a clipping indicating the Cyclones had won 48-18 and that she had scored 14 points.

On Feb. 21 she wrote: "Dear 'Tiny'—The games are coming in pretty fast here lately. We played Seagoville again last night and tomorrow at Cisco, Texas and Monday night we play the chumps of city. They have beaten the Cyclones but if I can help it they wont do it anymore. I am sending two write ups & me box score. They don't give you any write ups here. Well Good by Babe." This clipping showed the team won 46-15 and Babe got 16 points.

On March 6 Babe typed a letter, almost without a mistake. She wrote: "Dear 'Tiny'—Boy I am still knocking them cold. . . . We played the Western

Union Tuesday night and beat them 62 to 9 and we played the Evary team last night and we beat them 82 to 5 [an enclosed box score showed Dalrison scored 36 points]. We have two All American guards and two All American forwards on our team and Mr. McCombs said that he would have three All American forwards and Three All American guards before the season is over. So Tiny I am up here now and that is what I am going to be, just watch and see." Already she had impressed recruiter-pirates from other companies, and she wrote she had "two more offers" from the Sunoco Oilers and Sparkman of Arkansas to jump

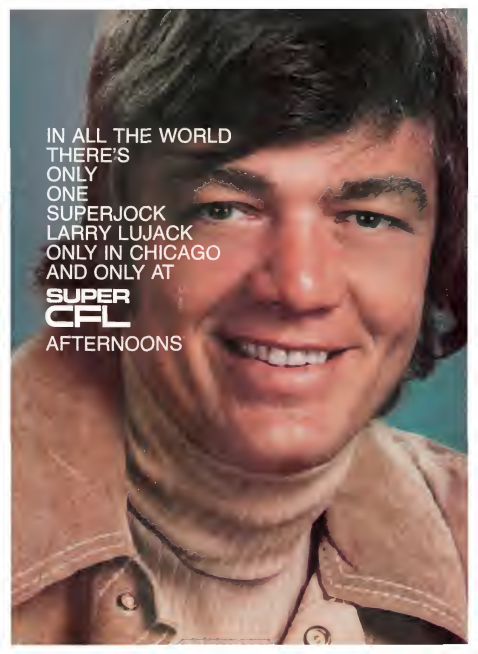
to their teams, but that "I am going to stay with the Golden Cyclones until this season is over." She ended this letter: "Maybe in the national I will be able to send to Beaumont a picture of me in the newspaper about the national A.A.U. Hope so anyhow. Well to be frank with you I am going to make an All American cause I have got my mind set on that. Well Tiny I have to close. Good by Babe."

Only a month after she left Beaumont, her handwriting was sleeker. She wrote in mid-March: "Have gotten a lot of write ups from all of the leading newspapers of the South. And I surely do thank you for giving me the publicity and I surely did need it because when I came over here I didn't know any one. I have a whole lots of fans now. I am leaving Saturday for Wichita Kansas where I am going to enter national A.A.U. Tournament."

At Wichita the Golden Cyclones lost to the Sunoco Oilers by one point in the finals. Babe scored 210 points in five games and was chosen an All-America forward. Now there was a pack of corporate recruiters urging her to jump teams. A letter she received in May from the Kansas City Life Insurance Company offered \$80 a month plus "free medical attention" if she would take a job, any job, "such as filing, clerical, typing, etc. If you have had no experience do not hesitate to say so as that will have no bearing on your opportunity." The letter also outlined a rather

tempting scale of pay for "overtime work" that called for the team to split \$25 for each victory in regular-season games, \$50 per victory in the city tournament, \$100 per victory in the national, with an extra \$100 for winning the city title, another \$100 for the local league championship and an "additional bonus in accordance with these others if the team should win the national tournament." Babe decided to stay with Employers Casualty, less for the company's financial generosity than for an exciting new pursuit that had entered her life. She wrote Tiny Scurlock: "Have been very busy with the track, and track meet that





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we had Saturday at S.M.U. Our team won plenty easy with about 48 points the good. The reason why I haven't written to you is because I have had nothing to say, we have been out every evening for track practice and are going out again. I am the track captain, we elected right after the meet at S.M.U. Saturday. . . . Boy Tiny if I hadn't sat down on that last broad jump I could have broken the world's record just like taking candy from a baby."

That was Babe's first track meet. On June 8 she typed this letter: "Just got back from Shreveport from the Southern track meet. Well that makes the 13th gold medal that I have gotten. Made me a huselet out of the first ten that I got. All gold and no silver. I am gonna enter the tennis, swimming and every other kind of meets over here and over there. Get full of medals. You know like ants. Some types! Huh? Just Babe."

On June 23 she wrote: "Had the Texas A.A.U. Track Meet Saturday. We have had 4 track meets so far and Tiny I have made first places in all four of them and have been high pointer in all. Well Tiny how about a nice write up over there in Beaumont. Oh! yeah! right after the Track season I am gonna train for the Olympics in 1932 on the Broad Jump, High Jump true Western roll, Base ball & Javelin Throw. Train 2 times a week into 1932. Practice makes perfect." And two weeks later: "Dear Tiny! Here is where I ought to get a big write up in the Beaumont. Tiny I was one of the six girls from America. asked to go to Germany and Tiny Mr. Bingham President of the National A.A.U. and all of the officials said that I had a berth on the Olympic team in 1932 without a doubt. Tiny fix me up a good write up. Yours for a big headline Babe."

The trip to Germany never came about and Babe continued as a "typist" at Employers Casualty. The basketball team won the 1931 AAU national championship; Babe scored 195 points in six games and once more was an All-America. However, there was an ill wind in the Golden Cyclone. By spring Babe was writing Tiny: "Why hello old top, how in the heck are you getting along. Now this is the time that I need a manager. Tiny I think that I should be making more money so I am asking you to write me a letter telling me of a better job that I can get and more money about \$125.00

a month. You know kinda shake 'em up a little. They wouldn't want to let me go for nothing. I know good and well I am worth \$150 and I am gonna get it out of this company, with your help. Write me just as though I had never written to you so they won't suspect." Also in this letter, Babe said petulantly, "The president is giving me free Golf Lessons out at Dallas Country Club and they are plenty nice so they won't have to raise my pay."

Apparently, between the golf lessons and a small raise, Babe was mollified, for in the summer of 1931 she and the Golden Cyclones entered the national AAU track meet in Jersey City. The team finished second with 19 points, Babe got 15 of them by winning the baseball throw, the 80-meter hurdles and the broad jump.

But by the fall she was restless again. Early in October she wrote: "Heck Tiny! if I get me another letter from Wichita, Kans. I'm gonna take it. These girls here are just like they were in Beaumont High School. Jealous and more so because they are all here and trying to beat me. But they can't do it."

The dissension on the team dissipated. The Golden Cyclones were runners-up in the 1932 national basketball championship and Babe was once again an All-America. That summer at the AAU national track meet in Evanston she put on one of the most impressive individual performances ever seen. This was the day she became known as the One-Woman Track Team, when she entered eight events, won five, tied for first in another and finished fourth in yet another, winning the U.S. team championship for Employers Casualty all by herself. The national press went mad about her.

By this time she had come to be something of a prima donna, no longer the childlike Beaumont bumpkin. The metamorphosis was apparent in her letters to Tiny. It was also clear to anyone who observed her during the three seasons she competed for Employers Casualty. Evelyn Hall, a short blonde hurdler from Chicago, had participated in the AAU nationals in 1930 (Dallas), 1931 (Jersey City) and 1932 (Evanston). Now she is 66, a housewife who lives in Pasadena. She recalls the degrees of change in Babe: "In Dallas her teammates were very proud of her. She was a modest, likable girl and we became friends. After the meet she wrote me a couple of letters and

even sent snapshots of her family. I next saw her in Jersey City. It was a full house and the crowd got out of hand. It was bedlam. People poured onto the field, mounted police had to come to restore order, the track was full of hoofbeats. This was the first time Babe ran the hurdles with me and I finished second. At that point, Babe was pretty cocky. Everybody was doing things for her. If she wanted a drink of water, someone brought it to her. She didn't snub me, but she was not nearly as friendly. She had been more childish in 1930, but by 1931 I think she hardly even drewled. They were really promoting her."

At Evanston, which was also the Olympic qualifying meet, Babe got permission to compete in eight events (the AAU limit for women was three). Now she became all but unbearable. "She was a great athlete," says Evelyn Hall, "but she bragged so much that she made us mad. When she won two events, the girls were even more annoyed because then she was going into six more and eliminating others from the Olympic team. The fact she was in so many events held the rest of us up; we'd be set to go and they'd say Didrikson isn't there yet, please wait. She was getting special treatment. She had managers who waited on her. The rest of us were very poor—we used to pool our money to make our trips. I had one pair of track shoes and the points were worn to nubs. Babe had the longest spikes and they were very sharp. I didn't have the money to get mine sharpened."

Sixteen women were chosen for the U.S. Olympic track team and they left by train for Los Angeles. On this trip Babe's bragging and abrasive ways reached a climax. "Babe kept running through the train, shrieking and yanking pillows out from your head if you were sleeping," Evelyn Hall recalls. "In Albuquerque we stopped for water. Babe found a Western Union bike and rode it around the station platform hollering, 'Ever heard of Babe Didrikson? You will! You will!' She was exactly like Muhammad Ali even then. Such a braggart."

Jean Shiley Newhouse was America's star high jumper, and Babe had tied her in Evanston. Jean had competed in 1928 in the Antwerp Olympics at the age of 16, finishing fourth. She speaks bitterly of Babe on the train trip west: "She had no social graces. If one girl said she had

continued

BABE continued

paddled from Alaska in a kayak, Babe would horn in and say, "Oh, I done that and I done it in *half* the time." She couldn't stand the press talking to other girls and would interrupt the interviews. Once a reporter ignored her so she finally took out her harmonica and started playing it so he couldn't talk to anyone else."

Jean Shiley was elected captain of the team over Babe, a third girl who had been nominated having dropped out because she was afraid that in a three-way election Babe might win.

Los Angeles, a mecca for those seeking overnight fame and instant immortality, was a city ready for Babe Didrikson. The fledgling freeway had yet to be built, but the stucco sprawl that is L.A. today was already moving across vast acres and the tinsel religion of Hollywood was the prevailing influence. Had the Games of '32 been held in Antwerp, Amsterdam, even Paris, it is questionable whether Babe Didrikson would have caused the sensation she did. L.A. was perfect. It offered a marvelous Olympic milieu, a dazzling mixture of movie stars and exotic jocks. The Flying Finn, Paavo Nurmi, was outlawed for professionalism from these Games, but he stayed on, glowering, in hopes the ruling might be reversed. Japanese swimmers were popular with the press ("merry little brown fellows") and the men won 11 medals. One sportswriter explained their success with succinct expertise: "Having shorter legs than most swimmers, the Japanese need not put their head down so far for balance as do the longer-limbed Americans. This enables them to swim higher in the water, which promotes far more speed." The Japanese women did not win any races, but one reporter gushed: "They have shown such admirable sportsmanship that they have won the hearts of thousands of spectators. And now comes their reward. Each is going to have her shiny, black, straight hair permanently waved by a Southern California beauty expert."

The Los Angeles papers covered the Olympics as they covered Hollywood, spinning out reams of gossip and sossamer stuff. They revealed that the Olympic "starlets" who stayed in the Chapman Park Hotel were doing their laundry in their rooms, wearing hotel soap bars "to flee slithers in a period of nothing flat." Olympic women were constantly ques-

tioned about "beauty diets" and when Babe Didrikson was asked about hers she replied, "I eat anything I want—except very greasy foods and gravy. I pass the gravy. That's just hot grease anyway, with some flour or water in it."

The Los Angeles Olympics were the first spectacular Games. The Coliseum had been especially enlarged and now had "30 miles of seats." These were the first Games to make money—more than a million dollars. The first Olympic Village sprouted in Los Angeles: it was a community of portable bungalows that Damon Runyon described as "a glorious feast to the eye with the California sun sparkling on the flowers and on the wee pink and white houses." He reported that the Village (which was for male athletes only) was full of naked young men sprawling "here and there on the turf, all of them tanned the color of an old slacker."

Movie stars—"luminaries"—were everywhere. Tom Mix, Douglas Fairbanks, the Marx Brothers, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Joe E. Brown, Conrad Nagel, Cary Grant, Johnny Weissmuller, the Barrymores, Bing Crosby, Buster Keaton, Tallulah Bankhead, Spanky McFarland and the entire Our Gang (including the dog with the monocle painted around one eye). Anyone who was anyone turned up at the Games.

Even in this sea of dross and glamour, Babe Didrikson stood out. She became "Whatta-Gal" Didrikson, The Texas Tornado, The Terrific Tomboy. Headlines were full of her name: **BABE BREAKS RECORDS EASIER THAN DISHES.**

She was outrageously boastful, and she was quoted endlessly: "I came out to beat everybody in sight and that's just what I'm going to do. Sure, I can do anything." Reporters gobbled up every grandiose word of it. She had a folksy, hick-town common touch, not unlike that of Will Rogers. Hers was a gap-toothed country wit that tended to deflate pretentious eggheads and city slickers. This was the worst of the Depression and millions of flat-broke Americans were convinced they had been victimized by Wall Street sharks and Washington know-it-alls. Babe's crude boasts had the echo of cracker-barrel retaliation against the Establishment and they produced guffaws through the Tobacco Roads, Hoovervilles, and Gopher Prairies of the nation. Babe rarely failed to capitalize on her

rube image, saying things like, "Folks say that I go about winning these athletic games because I have the co-operation thing that has to do with eye, mind and muscle. That is sure a powerful lot of language to use about a girl from Texas, but maybe they are right about it. All I know is that I can run and I jump and I can toss things and when they fire a gun or tell me to get busy I just say to myself, 'Well, kid, here's where you've got to win another.'"

She was producing her own myth in Los Angeles. The remarkable thing about Babe was that, like Ali, her body was able to accomplish the fantastic tasks her big mouth set for it. She put incredible pressure on herself by bragging. She was a wing walker, a daredevil who risked humiliation every time she went into an event in that Olympics. Her own teammates wanted her to be beaten, as the last reward for her bullying.

That never happened because Babe Didrikson was just about as lucky as she was talented. She won the javelin with a herculean throw on her first attempt, flinging it like "a catcher's peg to second base" on a trajectory that rose no more than 12 feet above the ground. The javelin flew 143'4". That broke Babe's own world record by more than 11 feet. When bemused reporters asked her why she was throwing the javelin like that, she said, "No, I haven't got a new technique. My hand slipped when I picked up the pole. It slid along about six inches, and then I got a good grip again. And then I threw and it just went."

Luck? Skill? Both. Next came the 80-meter hurdles. Babe's chief competitor was Evelyn Hall. On the train Babe had told Evelyn that it was a simple matter of psyching the judges at the end of a race: "They're stupid. All you have to do to win if it's close is throw up your arm just before the finish and they think you're first." Babe and Evelyn won their heats in world-record times. In the finals they were to race side by side. Evelyn Hall led by a stride over the first couple of hurdles, but Babe kept coming, her form more powerful than graceful. She pulled even over the last two hurdles and the women hit the finish line together. Babe threw up her arm. Both were timed at 11.7 seconds, another world record. Evelyn said she had a welt on her neck for days from hitting the tape first. The judges huddled in confusion. Evelyn re-

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, at
one year issue at \$10.00, at 541 N. LaSalle Court,
Chicago, Illinois for October 6, 1975. The General
Business Office of the Publisher is located at the
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York,
New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor-in-
Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Time &
Life Magazines, Time Incorporated, Time & Life Build-
ing, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020;
Editor-in-Chief, H. R. Hays, Time Incorporated, Time &
Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York,
New York 10020; Managing Editor, Roy Terrell,
Time Incorporated, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller
Center, New York, New York 10020.

The owner is: Time Incorporated, Time & Life
Building, New York, New York 10020, the names
and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1
percent or more of total amount of stock are: "Ad-
vance & Co., 919 Market St., Suite 920, Wilmington,
Del. 19801, immediate fee; Madison Fund, Inc., "Harris
Brothers, Harrison & Co., 94 Wall Street, New York,
New York 10005; "Caton & Co., Box 491, Church
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1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York,
New York 10005; "J. J. Jones, c/o The First National
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nominee for Anchor Group of Funds, Robert T.
Keeley & Thomas T. Keeley under license, Inc.,
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BABE

calls. "After we crossed the line, Babe
yelled to me, 'Well, I was on again.' I turned
and saw some athletes in the crowd cheer-
ing me, holding up one finger to show
me I was first. I shook my head and held
up two fingers. Later I learned that at
that very moment a couple of judges were
looking at me. It's possible they made
their judgment from this gesture of mine.
I really don't know. Babe had had so
much publicity, it was hard to rule against
her. The judges were foreign and to them
it didn't matter that much, we were both
Americans."

It was Babe's second gold medal and
the press was in a frenzy over the possi-
bility that she might win three. This was
something no woman had ever done in
Olympic track and field. Babe's main op-
ponent in the high jump was Jean Shiley.
The U.S. women's team was all but
unanimous in its desire, "We were very
high-strung and we put a lot of pressure
on Jean to beat this obnoxious girl," says
Evelyn Hall.

All the competitors except Babe and
Jean had dropped out by the time the
bar was raised to 5'5 1/4". Both girls
cleared that height, a new world record,
and moved on to 5'6 1/4". On her first jump
Babe flew over the bar with more than
an inch to spare. She fell triumphantly
to the pit and one foot locked a stan-
chion and knocked the bar from the pegs.
The judges dropped the bar back to 5'
5 1/4" to see which of the competitors
would get the gold medal. Jean made it.
Babe made it. Another tie! No. The judges
ruled that Babe had "dived" over the
bar, an illegal jump. Her head went over
before the rest of her body. The rule no
longer exists, but on this technically
the gold medal was given to Jean Shiley,
the silver to Babe, both were even-
tually recognized as co-holders of the
world record.

That gold medal has always been a tar-
nished prize for Jean Shiley Newhouse—
the medal Babe Didrikson lost, rather
than the one she won. "Babe was awful
about it. She never admitted she was
beaten," Jean says. "But she would have
lost earlier if I had done what I should
have done. Both a Canadian girl and a
German girl who went out at 5'3" kept
telling me I should claim a foul against
Babe, that all of her jumps over 5'3"
were illegal dives. Our team coach,
George Vreeland, even sent a note down
to me from the stands saying that I should

ask the judges to disqualify Babe for diving.
I couldn't do that. I knew that with
Babe's mouth, she'd clobber me if I
caused her to lose by claiming a foul."

The Olympics over, Babe Didrikson,
once more under the wing of Employers
Casualty, flew home to Texas in an air-
liner. By contrast, Jean Shiley exchanged
the train ticket the U.S. Olympic Com-
mittee gave her to get home to Philadel-
phia for a much cheaper bus ticket so
she could afford to buy gifts for her fam-
ily, and Evelyn Hall drove back to Chi-
cago in a car that a finance company had
informed her (by collect telegram) it was
going to repossess.

And Babe's Life was an undiluted tri-
umph. After the speeches and the music
at Love Field, she was ushered to the
gleaming red limousine of the Dallas fire
chief. The tonneau was humming with
roses. Babe's sister Lillie was standing by
the car, beaming through tears, and sud-
denly Babe yelled at her to climb into
the car. "I got up there with her," says
Lillie. "And there was roses all over us. I
didn't know if I should be there but Babe
said it was O.K. I was with her. My
Mama and my Poppy and I had ridden
to Dallas in my brother's car with a mat-
tress seat and we was so dirty and so sweaty
when we finally found the lamin' field.
We had two flat tires on the way and the
bag shots was all lookin' at us country
folks, but we didn't care. Babe didn't
care. We had our parade right through
Dallas—confetti fallin' on the cars all 'ev-
erythin' and the Adolphus Hotel was
full of flowers and beautiful lights for
lunch. After the lunch, my Mama, she
walked out of the Adolphus carryin' a
napkin from the table. She was so
ashamed—it was a big white napkin—
and she was so embarrassed she wanted
to take it right back in, but they said, no.
My Didrikson, keep it, you keep it for a
memento. My Mama did. She took it
home and washed it and ironed it and
kept it in a drawer till the day she died."

Lillie pauses, remembering that golden
day in Dallas, and then she says, "Babe
had to buy us some tires to get us home
to Beaumont. Did you know that?"

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

For the fans of four teams the last week of the season was a time of gathering excitement as the divisional races ended and playoffs approached, but for the rest it was a time for reflection rather than anticipation—for looking back at the year's high achievement and low comedy. Herewith a sampler:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

As the season came down to its final stages, Philadelphia Manager Danny Ozark was in danger of losing the Most Memorable Quote Trophy he won a year ago. (He had answered a question about team morale by saying, "Morality at this point isn't a factor.") But Ozark came through in the clutch last week. When asked after an 11-3 loss to the Pirates how it felt to be eliminated from the divisional race, Ozark replied, "What do you mean 'eliminated'? If we win the rest of ours and they lose the rest of theirs, we tie them." Then it was explained to Ozark that the Phillies were seven games back with six to play. Whereupon he blinked and said, "That's very disturbing."

Memorable, too, were the words of Chicago Leftfielder Jose Cardenal after a 22-0 stomping by Pittsburgh in which he was spotted leaning against the Wrigley Field ivy, swatting a leaf while the Cubs charged pitchers. Explained Cardenal: "There was a spider on the leaf and I was trying to shake it loose. What else is there to do when you're losing 16-0?"

Defiant apparently also got to Manager Preston Gomez, who was canned by last-place Houston. Gomez once stormed out of the dugout, indicating emphatically that he wanted a reliever to come in. There was just one trouble: Gomez did not have anyone warming up. A few days later he went to the mound to talk to Larry Dierker during a tight game. But Gomez forgot he had sent Pitching Coach Roger Craig to the mound earlier in the inning and, chastened, he had to remove Dierker. Cincinnati beat Houston that day 4-3 and Gomez, classy even in adversity, apologized to Dierker and fired himself.

The Most Unforgettable Forgetfulness Trophy will have to be shared by yet another Phillie, Catcher Johnny Oates, and Umpire Billy Williams. They collaborated on a play neither wants to remember. It all began when, with Frank Taveras of Pittsburgh on first base, a Philadelphia hurler unleashed a wild pitch that landed far behind Oates. Forgetting there was a runner on, Oates did not pursue the ball. Instead, he merely thrust his glove back toward Williams, who also had a lapse of memory and plunked a new ball in the mitt. When Oates finally noticed Taveras zipping around second he hustled back for the wild pitch, but not before the run-

ner had advanced all the way to third.

Now for some feats: The comeback of the year was achieved by left-hander Randy Jones of the Padres, who had a 4.46 ERA and an 8-22 record last season. He won the 1975 ERA title with a 2.24 and was 20-12. For the second season in a row Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia led the majors in home runs, this time with 38. Teammate Greg Luzinski topped both leagues in runs batted in with 121 and was presented the Big Pretzel by one of the team's on-the-air sponsors, which chose him as the most valuable Phillie. The Big Pretzel, a golden statue three feet high, is salted with \$10,000 worth of diamonds.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Orioles threw a scare into the Red Sox before settling for second place, but that was nothing compared with the fight the Birds themselves got one August evening when they went to team Owner Jerry Hoffberger's estate for a swim party. When the Orioles and their wives reached poolside they found a shark in the water—a mechanical one Hoffberger used in TV commercials for his brewery and had installed in the deep end to put some bite into his shindig.

While the toothless Tigers were dropping their 18th game in a row a PA announcement in Detroit drew cheers: the club was leaving on a road trip. In California the Tigers lost their 19th straight, but learned their ineptitude had at least brought a measure of notoriety. A man-on-the-street poll in Anaheim indicated that more people were aware of the Tiger losing streak than knew which team led the East.

Kansas City's 5'4" Freddie Patek finally got up in the world. When he went to home plate one day to deliver the lineup card, he

was given two steps to stand on. His manager, Jack McKeon, was both higher and lower early one morning. He learned he was fired at 3 a.m. on a team flight.

Bobby Bonds of the Yankees got in his 2nd worth last week. Already the only player to hit 30 home runs and steal 30 bases in each of three seasons, he was told the Hall of Fame might want the ball he slugged for his 30th homer of 1975. "I won't give it up," Bonds said. "This was the only ball I ever asked for. I found two pennies before the game. They were lucky pennies. I won't give them the baseball, but I'll give them the two pennies."

Fielding was a sore topic for the Brewers, who committed 178 errors. But they did come up with glove work unmatched by anyone. That happened when a squirrel ran around County Stadium, scurried into the Milwaukee dugout and was captured by a Brewer with a glove that was, for once, unerring.

The year's neatest nonfielding play was perpetrated by Chicago's Jerry Hairston, whose misadventures in left peaked the day he dashed in madly for a fly ball that Ken Henderson caught—on the warning track at the 375-foot marker.

And now the last round of applause. By hitting .360 Minnesota's Rod Carew led the majors for a third consecutive season. It was also the fourth time in a row Carew was No. 1 in the league, a feat achieved only by Ty Cobb (nine straight titles), Rogers Hornsby (six) and Honus Wagner (four). Jim Palmer of Baltimore had the best ERA in the big leagues (2.13). Milwaukee's George Scott topped the league in RBIs (109) and tied the A's Reggie Jackson for homers (36).

THE FINAL STANDINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

EAST	W	L	GB	WEST	W	L	GB
Boston	95	65	—	Oakland	98	64	—
Baltimore	90	69	4½	Kansas City	91	71	7
New York	81	77	17	Texas	79	81	19
Cleveland	79	80	15½	Minnesota	76	83	20½
Milwaukee	68	94	28	Chicago	75	86	22½
Detroit	57	102	37½	California	72	89	25½

NATIONAL LEAGUE

EAST	W	L	GB	WEST	W	L	GB
Pittsburgh	92	69	—	Cincinnati	108	54	—
Philadelphia	86	76	6½	Los Angeles	88	74	20
New York	82	80	10½	San Francisco	80	81	27½
St. Louis	82	80	10½	San Diego	71	91	37
Chicago	75	87	17½	Atlanta	67	94	40½
Montreal	75	87	17½	Houston	64	97	43½



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

READY! AIM! ...

Sir:

After having read your polemic *A Potshot Angers Its Quarry* (Sept. 22), may I say that, although you sprayed enough shot around to cover 360 degrees of a circle, you still haven't hit the broadside of a barn? If I were to answer every one of your untruthful, unsubstantiated and unsigned charges, it would take up a whole issue.

Let me also say that I've been a film editor at CBS News for 13 years and have never worked for a more honest, hardworking, dedicated and courageous journalist than Irv Drashin.

MAURICE MURAD
Film Editor
The Guest of Autumn

New York City

Sir:

Thank you for the article condemning CBS's fiasco. By showing atypical, self-centered hunters, CBS has irreparably offended millions of sportsmen.

JOHN H. PLUNKETT, D.D.S.
Kennett Square, Pa.

Sir:

Yours is an eloquent and realistic portrayal of hunting.

DAVID SHIDLER
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

While it is true that the network overly stressed the kill in all its gore, it is in equally bad taste for you to turn full circle and ask us to believe that the kill is not the primary goal of all hunters.

ELLIOTT THAU
Hicksville, N.Y.

Sir:

I know of only two sports in this country in which killing is legal: fishing and hunting. A good fisherman throws back what he doesn't need. You can't throw back a dead moose.

PAUL COLBY
Englewood, Colo.

Sir:

Maybe SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should do something to stop the hunters who provide the telecasters with those "cheap shots," instead of blaming the telecasters for showing them.

RALPH L. FUSCO
Metuchen, N.J.

BEHIND THE LINES

Sir:

I am a first-year law student, and I have never read a more optimistic testimonial for my chosen profession than the article by Dan Jenkins (*Muddle in the Muddle*, Sept. 22). One of the first cases I studied in my course on contracts was *Los Angeles Football Club v. Billy Cannon*. A football player's contract is used as a model for our supplement to the course. Keep it up, pro football. Three more years and I'll be in the thick of the temporary injunctions and declaratory judgments. I can't wait.

Tuba

Sir:

The most pressing question that arises from any NFL player strike is: Can this country absorb 1,100 more insurance salesmen?

Erie, Pa.

RANK AND FILE

Sir:

St. Louis as the NFC East champion (Scouting Reports, Sept. 22)? Bring back Tex Maule and sanity.

Phoenix

Sir:

The Dallas Cowboys—and tradition—will prove that they can win again in '75.

Lexington, Va.

Sir:

Oakland is going all the way this year. Green Bay is the sleeper.

Walla Walla, Wash.

Sir:

A giant embarrassment is in store for you when the season ends and the Giants are not in the NFC East cellar.

Westport, Conn.

MEAN JOE

Sir:

I have just one thing to say about Roy Blount's article on Mean Joe Greene (*He Doer What He Wants Out There*, Sept. 22) and that is I almost liked it.

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

The next time you want to put a picture of the best defensive tackle on your cover, I'll send you one of Alan Page.

Minneapolis

NAVAL VICTORY

Sir:

I wish to correct Roger Vaughan's statement on page 18 of your Sept. 22 issue (*As Jolly on a Fast, Wet Track*). He says, "Pied Piper . . . thus became the second U.S. boat ever to win the [One Ton Cup] championship, the Dick Carter-designed *Tina* having taken it in 1946."

The first U.S. boat to win the One Ton Cup was *Lionoria*, in Sweden in 1952. Eric Ralder was the helmsman, and I was one of the crew. We had just come from winning a gold medal in the Olympics at Helsinki. We brought the cup back to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club in Oyster Bay.

JULIAN K. ROOSEVELT
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

• *Tina* was the first U.S. One Tonner—i.e., U.S. boat built to modern One Ton rules—to win the cup. When *Lionoria* won it in 1952 and again in 1957 the cup belonged to the Six Meter class, the original One Ton class having been abandoned early in the century.—ED.

JACK'S YEAR

Sir:

What an excellent article on the World Open golf championship by Sarah Pileggi (*Then Out of the Pack Came Jack*, Sept. 22). I started following Jack Nicklaus early in his career and have continually rejoiced in his victories.

MRS. CARL NUNGESSER
Massillon, Ohio

Sir:

There has never been an athlete who has dominated his sport the way Jack Nicklaus has. You will have arguments as to whether Babe Ruth was the greatest baseball player of all time, but who can claim that Jack is not the greatest golfer who ever lived?

FRANK T. WEST
Bedford, Va.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Maurice Petty doesn't take chances with Richard's engine.

It takes a good engine to win a NASCAR race. Richard Petty, five times NASCAR Grand National champion, has the best.

He gets them from his brother, Maurice Petty, who has been building engines for Petty Enterprises' racing cars for the last 14 years. Maurice knows that it takes more than horsepower. You can't win unless you finish. That means good parts and careful assembly. So that the engine can hold up to the tremendous strains of hundreds of miles of racing.

"We do a lot more inspecting and fitting than most people," Maurice says. "If parts don't look right, we don't use them."

Nothing escapes his scrutiny. New engine blocks are heat treated to remove stresses, checked for cracks, then remachined for accuracy. Crankshafts are X-rayed for hidden flaws and checked for straightness. The same goes for piston rods. All moving parts must fit with extreme precision, in some cases between 0.0025 and 0.0030 inches. Too much clearance reduces oil pressure.



Too little will allow metal-to-metal contact. Either way, the engine could fail.

But even when the clearances are right, lubrication is critical. "When we build an engine, it may be a day or so before we test it. The oil can run off all of the rubbing parts. So we use STP. We put it right on the bearings. That's so, when you first crank an engine, it's not dry."

After the test, the oil is changed and STP Oil Treatment goes in with the fresh oil. Maurice says, "STP gives the engine extra protection."

Still, it takes more than oil. Every single part has

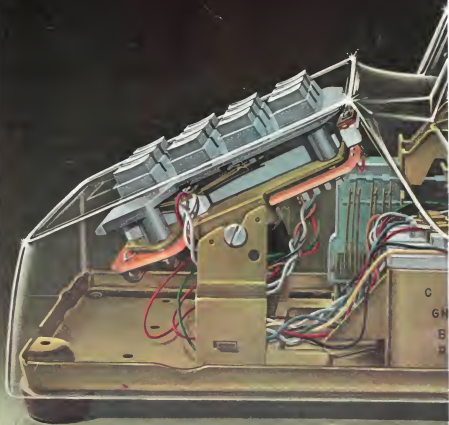
to be perfect. Occasionally, a new batch of bearings won't be as good as the old ones. Or the latest rod bolts may have flaws. "That's why I don't like to build three or four engines in advance," he says. "We're liable to run one, find trouble, and have three more with the same problem. In this business, you put all of your experience and all of your workmanship into your suppliers' hands."

One supplier that goes into every Petty engine is STP. Try a can of STP Oil Treatment in your car's engine.

**STP Oil Treatment:
It helps your oil
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IF YOU THINK
IMAGINE THE SYSTEM



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8 mg "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75